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Bishop Murray's Installation

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me., October 12, 1925

The advent of a chief pastor to his field of labor is one of the most common, yet one of the most extraordinary occurrences in the life of Mother Church. Ordinarily from the fact that the lives of our bishops in the episcopate are not as a rule of long duration. Perhaps quite well advanced in years when the call comes to ascend higher, there cannot at the most be in store a long period of service; or even though advanced at the earliest permissible moment,—the sense of responsibility, the constant feeling of anxiety for the welfare of the flock ever weighs most heavily on the heart of the chief shepherd, thus abridging oftentimes very strikingly, his years of leadership in the armies of the Lord.

The very sublimity of the office nevertheless makes its occurrence, however frequent, a most extraordinary event in the life of a diocese, since it brings to the chair of authority one clothed with the office of an Apostle. Were we permitted to unroll the practices of the Church from Her earliest days, we would undoubtedly note outpourings on the part of both clergy and people, to bid welcome him who comes by and in the name of the Lord. Now and then we find these acclamations of joy and happiness recorded in the advent of the early Christian bishops who not infrequently came in the guise of total strangers to their Cathedral Churches, there to assume burdens but lately laid down by some beloved apostle in God's Church.

Whatever may be the new chief pastor's race; whatever may be his language; whatever may be his age; a stranger among his people he cannot remain, for between them there must exist that common bond, greater than which there is none, that of worship at the same altar, that of common belief in Christian revelation, so that while Mother Church

necessarily stresses the dignity and sublimity of the Apostolic office, she in no way places the occupant on a pedestal which removes him from the midst of the rank and file of Her devoted children.

Five times has this deeply suggestive ceremony come to the good people of the diocese of Portland. In 1855 there came a man from New York wearing the seal and insignia of this great office, a fearless leader, one who found himself destined to be the organizer of a new diocese; an Apostle among a widely scattered people. When the first Bishop of Portland, David W. Bacon, laid down the staff of office, November 5, 1874, he did so as a man worn out in the service of the Master.

When his illustrious successor came in 1875 as one not unknown to the good people of the diocese, but as one who has been among a few of the outstanding Catholic people of Maine, who had spent his vacations in their homes, who had thus tasted of their beautiful traditions. For a long apostolate of twenty-five fruitful years, Bishop Healy remained, passing many a time through the length and breadth of his great diocese, learning her glorious traditions, whiling away hours in the society of her historic children. From that June day, 1875, until another beautiful summer day, August 5, 1900, Bishop Healy struggled on, never robust in health, until he heard the Master's voice, the *"Euge serve bone."*

Again, after a year or so, we find ourselves bid come and welcome another chief shepherd, this time one from the very threshold of the Apostles, one, as it were, from the See of Peter, sent to far-away Maine. Another summer day dawns on Portland, the anniversary of National Independence, July 4, 1901. Another scene of joy bids the good people from up and down a great State to gather in the Cathedral City, to bid bienvenue to an entire stranger, to a humble man from Rome, William H. O'Connell, selected by the aged Leo to come and labor in the old mission fields of Maine.

Barely five years pass ere the same voice speaks again; it is still the voice of Peter, bidding the young bishop yet in the very prime of his days to lay down the staff of office in

the diocese of Portland, to go and assist the declining years of one grown aged and grey in the vineyard of the Lord.

An October day, 1906, beholds the Catholic people of the diocese again assembled in their Cathedral Church to assist at the solemn consecration of a new leader in Israel. It was the last time that the aged Metropolitan, Archbishop Williams of Boston, mingled with his children of the Portland Church. The last link binding the New England Church with the days of Her first bishop, Archbishop Williams had come this day, to bestow on the Church of Portland as he expressed, "the one priest whom he would have selected" had the choice lay in his aged hands. The elevation of the Rev. Louis S. Walsh to the office of Bishop of Portland, again ushered into our midst a man not unknown in our State. For years he used Maine as a vacation ground, had made it as it were his second home; then as willing helper to the good Sulpician Fathers at Brighton, perhaps earlier as a student in Montreal, or parish, he had learned to know many of the priests then laboring in the diocese.

A busy period of eighteen years now pass, the man grown aged and grey has been gathered to his fathers, has gone to his reward. The Cathedral bell rings out anew; it bids us come again to welcome one who comes with the seal of the Apostle, with authority from the Throne of the Fisherman to take up the threads of office snapped by the sudden death of Louis Sebastian Walsh. It is now the autumn of another year, that we are gathered;but it is no longer to welcome an unknown leader—to pledge our support to one whose worth we do not already know. Those of us who gather from year to year for the solemn blessings of Holy Thursday had become accustomed to Bishop Murray, for he had been with us in the spring of 1924 while Bishop Walsh was still abroad; again during the interregnum, while we were anxiously awaiting the choice of the Holy See, we had been favored with his presence, so that we may well say that the youthful Bishop from Connecticut had already found a warm place in our hearts, ere he came to claim our allegiance. The coming of the Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray to

be inducted into office as fifth Bishop of Portland, therefore found us not unprepared to greet our new leader.

——THE INSTALLATION——

In itself the ceremony of installation may not be termed a solemn service when separated from the actual consecration of a bishop; for we may well say that the giving of the fullness of the priesthood to a man is one of the greatest acts in the Church. The one outstanding fact that accompanies an installation, is the evidence of unalloyed joy on the part of all present—the Cathedral, the Episcopal Residence, the surrounding buildings all take on or present every possible sign of exterior rejoicing. The solemn procession of the Diocesan clergy, visiting Priests, Monsignors, Bishops, Bishop Elect and His Eminence the Cardinal Metropolitan, all in their silken robes of office, starting from the Bishop's House, passing out through the assembled thousands, naturally served to enhance the scene which was intensified when all arrived in the sanctuary where a fitting setting was given by the spotless marble altar, the beautiful tile floor, the striking art-glass windows through which stole the softened rays of an autumn day, to lend as it were additional glory to the solemn ceremony.

Taking his place at a temporary stand on the epistle side of the main altar where he listened to the canonical report of the Administrator, S.V., the Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDonough, P.R., P.A., in which due notice is given that the moment has come to hand over the great trust reposed in the Apostolic Administrator, the Rev. George P. Johnson, Rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, now read in the language of the Church the decree of the Holy See authorizing the transfer of the Titular Bishop of Flavis from the duties of Auxiliary Bishop to the Bishop of Hartford, to the office of Bishop of the diocese of Portland,—or rendering the same into English, as follows:

Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God

To our venerable brother, John Gregory Murray, hitherto Titular Bishop of Flavias, chosen Bishop of Portland, Health and Apostolic Blessing!

The office of ruling, shepherding and governing the universal church entrusted to us in our lowliness by the Eternal Prince of Shepherds, imposes on us the burden of the most diligent care that over all the churches shall be placed such prelates as shall have the knowledge and the power to lead the Lord's flock to salvation.

Therefore, since the Cathedral Church of Portland, suffragan to the Metropolitan Church of Boston, by the death of her last Bishop, Louis Sebastian Walsh of blessed memory, has been deprived of her shepherd up to the present, with a view to making salutary provision for the said Church of Portland as well as for her Christian flock through the advice of our venerable brethren, the cardinals of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, by virtue of our plenary apostolic power having released you from the bond by which you were held to the titular Church of Flavias as titular Bishop of Flavias and auxiliary to the present Bishop of Hartford, by apostolic authority we transfer you to the aforesaid Cathedral Church of Portland and we place you in charge of that church as Bishop and shepherd, and furthermore give you full care, direction and administration of the Church of Portland in all things spiritual and temporal, with all the rights, privileges and duties attaching to this pastoral office.

It is our wish, moreover, that having complied with the other judicial requirements, before you take any step toward the government and administration of the aforesaid Church of Portland, you are absolutely bound to make profession of Catholic faith and take the customary oaths, according to the formulas herewith annexed, in the presence of any Catholic prelate whom you may choose who enjoys favor and communion with the Apostolic See, and you are bound to send to the Apostolic Chancery within six months those formulas or copies of them fortified with the signature and seal of yourself and the aforesaid prelate. From this moment we assign to the prelate chosen by you for this purpose the duty and command of receiving your profession and the aforesaid oaths in our name and the name of the Church of Rome.

Furthermore, we entertain a firm hope and confidence that with the right hand of the Lord propitiously assisting you, the aforesaid Church of Portland may be governed to advantage through your pastoral activity and fruitful zeal and may receive abundant increase in things spiritual and temporal.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome on the twenty-ninth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five and of our pontificate the fourth year.

POPE AND PONTIF,
OCTAVIUS CARDINAL CAGIANO,
Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church.
JOSEPH WITPERT,
Dean of the College of Apostolic Protonotaries.
JOHN ZANI-CAPRELLI,
Apostolic Protonotary.
PAUL PERICOLI,
Assistant to the Apostolic Chancery.
PETER MANZIA,
Apostolic Scribe and Sealer.

Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God

To Our Beloved Children, the Clergy and People of the City and Diocese of Portland, Health and Apostolic Blessing!

With the advice of our venerable brethren, the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, this day releasing our venerable brother, John Gregory Murray, hitherto titular Bishop of Flavias, and auxiliary to the Bishop of Hartford, from the bond by which he was held to the church of Flavias, by apostolic authority we have transferred him to your Cathedral Church of Portland, widowed of her shepherd, and we have placed him in charge of that church as bishop and shepherd.

Wherefore, we exhort you all and bind you by strict duty that with loyalty you receive the said Bishop John Gregory Murray as father and shepherd of your souls and that cherishing him with becoming respect you shall give due obedience and observance to his salutary admonitions and commands so that he may be happy to have found in you

devoted children and you in turn may rejoice to have discovered in him a benevolent father.

Moreover, it is our wish and command that through the care and duty of the ordinary who now rules your diocese, these letters of ours shall be publicly read in the Cathedral Church from the pulpit whenever the first feast of obligation shall occur.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome the twenty-ninth day of May in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five and of our pontificate the fourth year.

POPE AND PONTIF,
OCTAVIUS CARDINAL CAGIANO,
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Assistant to the Apostolic Chancery.
PETER MANZIA,
Apostolic Scribe and Sealer.

Installed Immediately Following

Immediately following the reading of the bulls the Cardinal Archbishop arose from the throne while the Bishop-designate rose from the seat he temporarily occupied on the Epistle side of the altar and was solemnly conducted by His Eminence to the Bishop's throne of which he took possession. The ceremony of enthronization usually accompanies the consecration of a Bishop, but in this case took place independently of consecration as Bishop Murray was consecrated five years ago when he became Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford.

The newly installed Bishop after taking his seat upon the throne, received there the homage of all the clergy of the diocese as each priest approached in turn and kissed the Bishop's ring received on the day of his consecration because of his pre-eminence among the clergy. In paying this act of homage, each priest renewed his solemn vows made at ordination. After each had retired to his place the Bishop

went to the altar and sang the prayer in honor of the patroness of the Cathedral, the Blessed Virgin, under the title of Immaculate Conception, immediately after which he vested for pontifical mass. The various members of the sacerdotal hierarchy surrounding him hastening to clothe him in the magnificent robes and ornaments of his sacred office and to render him profound homage. The Bishop sang the mass in honor of the Blessed Trinity and at the conclusion of the mass granted the plenary indulgences which he is permitted to give at this time. Divesting himself of his pontifical robes the Bishop then assumed the *cappa magna* and standing on the steps of the throne he addressed the assembled prelates, clergy and people, after which followed the recessional in the order of entrance from the altar back to the school.

Choir Renders Program

During the ceremonies the Cathedral Choir under the direction of Rev. Sydney Raemers with Miss Bernadette Moreau, organist, rendered in a very praiseworthy manner the following musical program: Te Deum, Processional, Gregorian; benediction; Benedictus, Gounod; O, Cor Jesu, Terry; Melody in G, Guilmant, organ solo; Antiphon from Immaculate Conception; Communion, Boellmann, organ; Kyrie, Messe du Sacre Coeur, Gounod; offertory in E, Guilmant, organ; offertory, Ecce Sacredos, Sir Edward Flager; Sanctus, Messe du Sacre Coeur, Gounod; Agnus Dei, Messe du Sacre Coeur, Gounod; papal blessing; Cantilene, Loret, organ; Veni Creator, O'Bryen, organ; recessional, Long Live the Pope, Ganss; Sanctuary Choir, assisted by the Choir of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception; recessional, Boelmann, organ.

Bishop Murray's Address

Bishop Murray in his initial address spoke as follows:

Your Eminence, Beloved Brethren of the Episcopate, Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, dear Friends:

The ceremony of this morning is a renewal of a rite which has been performed unnumbered times during the

passing generations of Christendom. Simple though it be, it has profound significance for the people of this diocese. It recalls the espousals of our Lord and Saviour with His mystical bride. "You are the body of Christ," says St. Paul. The intimate union existing between the Son of God and the body of the faithful is figured in the relationship of two human hearts consecrated to the lofty vocation of marriage; but the union itself is infinitely more than a figure, it transcends all the heights of the noblest human relationship. It rises to the very throne of God and draws down the divine Spirit of Love to become the Spouse of the individual soul and thereby become the bond of union between Christ and the faithful. Who would presume to penetrate the eternal sanctuary of the Blessed Trinity and assume such a role in the plan of man's exaltation and elevation to a supernatural intimacy with God, had not the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity Himself enunciated such a truth and put its realization within the reach of mankind through His divine mission of redemption and the continuing mission of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity?

This interior union of Christ with the body of the faithful finds its exterior expression in the union of the divine priesthood established by Christ to perpetuate His ministry and give to every human being visible and substantial evidence of His abiding presence unto the consummation of the world. The plenitude of that priesthood is found in the episcopate. Its exercise of supreme and universal jurisdiction rests with the Vicar of Christ, the successor to the first Chief of the Apostles, who was directed by the Master to confirm and establish other apostles in the ministry entrusted to him for welfare of all men in all ages. The espousals of Peter with the Bride of Christ find increase and universal development in the espousals of each Bishop with the faithful of the diocese to which he may be assigned by the Vicar of Christ.

It is, therefore, my happy lot to be the bridegroom of today. Who will censure me if I pause for a moment to invite you to contemplate the beauty of that bride?

She is richly endowed by nature, by grace and by the character of her men and women.

Resting on the eastern shore of the fairest land of all the world, she first receives the greeting of the Sun on high as he travels his daily course dispensing the largesses of life and vigor to all who turn toward his blazing chariot. From the south the sea sweeps up with a power unsurpassed on any coast to work its myriad lines in and out over a space of two thousand miles to give her a fitting robe of beauty. From the mountains the light-tripping rivulets pour down to fill sixteen hundred lakes with opportunity for sweet repose.

Need we wonder, therefore, that God in His Providence drew the first missionaries from the homes of the Eldest Daughter of the Church to bring the good tidings of Christ's advent among the children of men to the children of the forest who had sought out this land of beauty for their habitation? Twenty years before their brethren from the Land of Our Lady set foot on the shores of Plymouth the rugged men of Normandy had lifted high the symbol of salvation on island and mountain as a beacon of joy and new life.

With the passing of the years the men who came from afar breathed deep of the wholesome atmosphere of pine and fir tree. They hungered after the better things of the mind and soul while they bent their energies to exact from land and sea the treasures of the frugal and the simple. As a result this territory became the scene of four great institutions of higher education, a proportion unsurpassed by by any like territory in the western world. Within the shadows of those benevolent mothers of learning, the sweet singer of Evangeline and his companions gave voice to story and song that build the characters of men.

And so the men and women of Maine have become known throughout the Nation as inspirers of culture, organizers of educational activities, leaders of high-minded endeavor and consecration to unflagging idealism in the civic relations of man with man. In such a setting and amid such traditions the bride of today comes forth to meet a bridegroom who has admired her from afar and hastens to give

himself with joy and inspiration to the task of adding some measure to the spiritual beauty of the spouse whom the Vicar of Christ has assigned him.

With gratitude to God for his abundant favor we undertake the work of edifying, the opportunity of developing the kingdom of Christ in the land of the pine. Our relations will be governed by the bond of love which unites each of us to the heavenly Bridegroom and in turn makes us intimates with each other in the communion of the saints, you as children and the Shepherd of the flock as a kind father who knows no distinction of race or tradition, no degree of social or cultural condition among all the children of men who live within the jurisdiction bounded by the territorial limits of the State of Maine.

From my heart I thank His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, who preceded me in this labor of love. He has graciously come to renew the bonds that held him to the people of this diocese until a wider and more important work was given him by the Shepherd of Christendom. I am grateful to my beloved brethren in the Episcopate who have traveled great distances to rejoice with the people of Portland on this occasion. The priests whom I have known and with whom I have labored hold me under obligations to which I am unable to give adequate expression. Finally the new and the old friends who have assembled within these walls will find that the passing of the years shall strengthen the old and give vigor to the new relations of an enduring love in the heart of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Father Rale of "Old Narantsouac"

The Story of a Jesuit Priest, for More Than Thirty Years an Apostolate Among the Indians, Whose Passing was Two Hundred Years Ago Today

As the setting sun descends behind the western hills, August 23, 1924, its golden rays will linger, as if loath to depart, on a beautiful spot nearly opposite the mingling of the Kennebec and Sandy River waters, known to many a tourist, to many a child of the Pine Tree State, as Indian Old Point—the scene of the sacrifices and death of Sebastian Rale.

The gathering shades of the coming evening will mark the passing of the second centenary of the death of this remarkable man, who, on the 23d of August, 1724, here closed amid the din of arms, an apostolate of more than thirty years. Since that eventful day our country has grown in fame; her people have often ploughed and tilled this consecrated spot, fertilized by the blood of a murdered tribe, but with all our increasing renown, the fame of Rale, while not diminishing, has seemed to grow with passing years.

Only a few days ago our State librarian, while assisting at a memorial service in a time-worn church, the former religious home of the noted author and missionary, Elijah Kellogg, eloquently portraying the labors of devoted men who had toiled for the sanctification of their fellow-creatures, hesitated not to place at the head of this glorious procession, the now honored name of Sebastian Rale. In voicing these sentiments our worthy State librarian simply gave utterance to that feeling common to a vast multitude which today bestows with an unstinted hand, honor on whom honor is due.

The Healing Hand of Time

For more than thirty years the writer has mingled with the people of Maine. During this time it has been his privilege to be associated with the memory of those time-honored places, Norridgewock, Pentegoet, etc., and we are now happy to say that we have yet to meet the true student of history who has aught but praise for the men who labored in those distant years when their very names were household words in all New England, names which inspired little save hatred and fear. The healing hand of Time has happily washed away all animosities, and has left only love and reverence.

As we stand today on the rising ground just below Madison and look down the Kennebec Valley, over the charming spot where a departed race once lived, we feel that the view before us is but little changed from that of Rale's day. If the scene before us is beautiful now, it was more so then. We might, perhaps, have beheld on that fateful August afternoon, when the sainted missionary laid down the cares of life, the fields of golden corn responding to the gentle zephyrs, or ripening beneath the rays of the summer sun. The first frost may have, perchance, just tipped the surrounding foliage, giving to it those many variegated tints so much admired during the last days of departing summer. We would have seen a level plateau formed by the alluvial deposits of many a by-gone age, rising some fifty feet above the rapidly descending waters of the Kennebec, a soil early and well drained, affording excellent tillage ground for the few vegetables and the maize which formed the Indian's daily fare.

To the East and North, but a short distance away, the rising hills covered by the lofty evergreen, virgin pine, offered protection against the wintry blast; to the South and West, the rippling waters of the Kennebec came to mingle with those of the Sandy River, both pure and unsullied by the hand of civilization, gushing forth, as it were, from their forest fastness, lashed to snowy whiteness in their descent over the rock-bound falls, to bathe the shores of "Old Narantsouac." Here, in the Spring-time, from the far-away

sea, came the shad, the alewive, the salmon, to bask and play with that lively denizen of our forest stream, the speckled trout; here on the East bank of the Kennebec, facing the outlet of the Sandy River, stood Old Narantsouac, palisaded to the north and east by the forest wild; to the south and west by the bounding river waters.

A Shrouded Spectre

Seldom has the eye of man beheld a more entrancing scene, or gazed on lovelier surroundings than the little village of Narantsouac, nestling here in the very heart of Nature, blessed by all that the hand of a bountiful Creator had to offer. How well our deeply revered New England poet, Whittier, hath described the scene before us, the kind reader may judge. Posing as the panegyrist of a noted Indian chief, old Mogg, Whittier beautifully writes:

On the brow of a hill which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet,—
The bare washed rock and the drooping grass,
And the creeping vine as waters pass,—
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in the wild, by unskilled hands,
Yet the traveller knows it is a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the Cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,—
Well might the traveller start to see
The tall dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe on the river shore,
And the forest paths to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,—
And stretching his long, thin arms over these,—
In blessing and in prayer,
Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
In his coarse white vesture, Father Rale.

The "Old Point" is practically the same today, save that the virgin forests have disappeared; save that the Indian canoes are no longer tethered along the river banks; save that the rustic wigwams, save that the Indian braves and lowly, shying maids have all passed and gone.

The Intrepid Jesuit

Father Rale was not the first son of Loyola to walk amid these lovely forest glades. The very first to feast his eyes on the beauties of Narantsouac was the intrepid Jesuit Father, Gabriel Druillette, who came here in the early fall of 1646, and continued his kindly ministrations until the spring of 1651.

Circumstances leading up to Father Druillette's coming to the Kennebec are truly interesting. Some years previous, Charles Mejachkawat, a Christian Indian from old Sillery, came to visit his countrymen on the Kennebec. Charles, whose faith was of the living kind, a faith which abounded in words and deeds, passed the winter of 1643 and 1644 doing genuine missionary work, not only among the Indians at Narantsouac, but even to the walls of the Plymouth trading post at Cushnoc, now Augusta. In the spring he returned to Sillery, not alone, but in company with one of the chiefs of the Abenaquis tribe, who now came to crave the grace of baptism. His prayer was granted, and whatever may have been his Indian name we know not, but the records show that he was baptized under the Christian appellation of John Baptist and that Governor Montmagny was his sponsor. John Baptist was not, however, destined to be the only fruit of Charles Mejachkawat's stay among the Indians of the Kennebec.

The seed of faith had been sown in good soil, for it was only a year later, in the summer of 1646, that we behold a delegation at Sillery asking that a Father be sent to live among them. It was on the eve of the Assumption that the Indian embassy reached the Jesuit house at Sillery. The following day, Aug. 15, in all the royalty of their savage state, the Indian chiefs pleaded their cause before the assem-

bled Fathers of the society. The occasion was certainly an unusual one, for heretofore it had been necessary to go and impose oneself on the Indians, but now here were representatives of a great tribe making an appeal for a priest to come and labor among their people.

The First Missionary

Thus, Father Druillette came to "Old Narantsouac;" thus he was in turn followed by many illustrious missionaries, including the noted Bigot brothers, James and Vincent, who were the immediate predecessors of Sebastian Rale. It was probably in 1695 that Father Rale came to take up his residence at Narantsouac.

This noted man was born at Pontarlier, diocese of Besancon, France, Jan. 4, 1657. After the completion of his early studies he joined the Society of Jesus, Sept. 25, 1674. About fifteen years later he volunteered for the American missions and sailed, as he tells us in one of his letters, from La Rochelle, July 23, 1689. A voyage of about three months brought him to the Canadian shores, where he landed at Quebec, Oct. 13, 1689. After a novitiate of two years among the Indians at St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudiere just opposite Quebec, and two years of mission work in the far West among the Iroquois, Father Rale returned at the request of his superior, to take up what proved to be his life work among the Indians of the Kennebec.

In the prime of his days, well seasoned in all the hardships of missionary life, Father Rale was fully equipped to meet the storms now gathering about the devoted village of Narantsouac. The days of peace and quiet which had characterized the years of Druillette, had passed. To the New England settlers, both the Indians and their missionary had become a menace. They might, perhaps, be permitted to linger yet awhile, but only at the expense of their faith; they must send the distrusted and hated Jesuit back to Quebec. The long struggle for the possession of the American continent was now on, in which there was little save extinction for the aboriginal occupant of the soil. The

French had met the Savage and made him their brother; the English had turned his proffered friendship to the bitterest mistrust and hatred; the one held out a helping hand; the other sought to dispossess him from the land of his ancestors.

> "For fifty years," says Abbott, "the planters and traders of Maine carried on their intercourse with the Indians without any outbreak. The Indians were often subjected to great wrongs at the hand of individuals, and bitter complaints were not infrequent. As the English grew more powerful, they became arrogant and domineering; while the natives, crushed and irritated, were ready to embrace any opportunity for direful revenge."

The Chief Magistrate

The Indian was susceptible to kind and honest treatment, and those among the English who accorded him a fair deal were sure to enjoy his trust and friendship. There were, fortunately, many examples of fairness on the part of the English settlers in their relations with the doomed Indian, which served to soften the animosities of the times. As one of the few noted for kindly and just intercourse, we mention the chief magistrate at Pemaquid, Abraham Shurte, who always lived in peace and harmony with his Indian neighbors, and who is said to have assured them that he was determined to see all their wrongs redressed.

In extolling the natural charms of Old Narantsouac, we cannot help sensing our inability to do justice to the truly entrancing beauties of this historic spot; the same fact is equally true, perhaps more so, when we attempt to briefly portray the life of the heroic man, who, for a third of a century, devoted all his energies to the development of Christian virtue in the hearts of his people. His activities in defence of their ancestral rights were only secondary to the one great purpose of his life, which was that of the good shepherd, to save their souls.

To begin, he did not find the Indians of the Kennebec entirely untrained or unresponsive. At heart, they were, perhaps, one of the best among the Indian tribes of America;

as far as we know they were the only great tribe that never soiled its hands with the blood of the missionary. The labors of the Jesuit fathers, Druillette, James and Vincent Bigot, perhaps others, were not without fruit, at least in germ. When Rale came he found their hearts in fallow; he had only to sow the seed of Christian truth in ground already well prepared. His conception of this great work was truly apostolic. Suffering and privation, hunger and thirst, persecution and danger, he counted for naught, provided they led him along the "Royal road of the Cross," or proved stepping stones to the salvation of his people.

Apostle of the Kennebec

From a human standpoint, we naturally admire anyone who labors for the betterment of humanity. In beneficient results, we are apt to forget costs, to overlook sacrifices. At the present day, we laud the man who leaves home and kindred for the trials of life among the uncivilized, the uncultured—yet we have to remember that the world is, in a sense, much smaller today than in the time of Rale—that modern science has thrown conveniences across miles of ocean, leagues of forest, to cheer the weary, to sweeten the sacrifices of the frontier hero. When the Apostle of the Kennebec came to Narantsouac, he passed through a wilderness filled with dangers and privations; day by day as he toiled on, his natural consolations grew fewer, his earthly food scarcer. When he reached the scenes of his labors, passing along the winding paths by the river, he found his earthly habitation amid the filth and squalor of the Indian huts.

He may have discovered Whittier's "rude and unshapely chapel, built in that Wild, by unskilled hands;" he may have encountered one of his associates, his friends the Bigot brothers, here to bid him welcome to the primitive conveniences of the semi-barbarous village; but what was sweeter than all else, he recognized here in his appointed field the work of the Lord. With him every day was now the property of the Divine Master. At early morn he took his place beside

the altar of the Lord around which he assembled his people to share his offering of the Eternal Sacrifice shrouded in those beautiful prayers, "Some for the living and some for the dead." Then followed the Gospel story, the unfolding of the Nazarene life, the imparting of the Saviour's message. How vividly the quaint chapel comes before us! How real become the entranced worshipers! How amazed their faces! How mellowed their hearts softened with the dew of grace Divine! How cheered their very existence by the heavenly blessings with unstinted hand conferred!

Then the fatherly heart to heart converse, who shall presume to justly weigh or limit its value! That intercourse which passing through the portals of the body attains the inmost recesses of the soul, clarifies the duties and obligations of life, gives man that vision of his responsibilities which can come in no other way. From the individual in the rude chapel, the way led to the cabin home, to that primitive family hearth where the sick, the convalescent, the robust, met, as it were, on common ground. It was here that the zealous priest made the personal application of the morning instruction, bringing home to each family the practical side of life, its real value in the light of divine truth.

A Lave to Importunity

With morning prayer in the chapel, with the offering of holy mass, with the daily familiar instruction, with the visit to the families in their homes, one would naturally think that Rale's day was already filled with works of sanctification and that he could then retire to his humble cabin for personal repose and recreation; but it would seem that even within this sacred enclosure he was still the slave to their constant importunities, for as he tells us, he found it necessary to make a rule: "Not to speak to any person from prayers in the evening until the time of mass in the next morning."

Notwithstanding his meager fare, his privations, separation from loved ones, that sense of loneliness which craves association with one's equals, we cannot help feeling how

sweet must have been every moment of Rale's busy day, how soothing his well-earned repose when he sought in his humble cabin, nature's remedy for the restoration of our exhausted powers. To awaken morn by morn, with the Lord's work awaiting, as it were, on the shore of time, the renewal of his servant's energies; surely a deeply consoling reward for the man who seems never to have grown weary in the Master's vineyard, who held as vain every warning of impending danger which would remove him from the midst of his beloved people.

To understand Rale's persistence in remaining at Narantsouac when it became evident that his very life was in danger, that his superiors were anxious to have him retire to a place of safety, we have only to remember that the close, the intimate relationships created during a pastorate of thirty years in a Catholic parish, make one bone of their bone, and life of their life, so much so that the existence of one seems dreary, if not impossible without the other. Such was the case with Sebastian Rale.

"Well Done—"

He had mingled so closely with his people in the chapel, in their homes, at the seaside or on the hunt, that he could not bear the thought of separation. He had seen most of them grow from the tender years of childhood to man's estate; he had seen their advent from Paganism to Christianity; he had seen their growth in holiness, in many a case to the sublimest heights of Christian perfection—so that we need not wonder at his inability to sever ties which had grown stronger than life itself. With Rale's conception of the duties of a true shepherd, with the fact of his faithful compliance with his high ideals, we easily grasp his determination to remain at his post, lke the faithful commander, or the captain of the sinking ship, until the humblest had passed the plank of safety, or until he should hear in God's own time the voice of the Master calling forth, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

As Father Rale stood on age's vantage ground of nearly three score and ten, we cannot help feeling that as he looked back over the years of his long pastorate, so filled with duties faithfully performed, the hope that he had attained some small measure of success, that he had at least been instrumental in leading many a soul to God, must have welled up within the walls of his noble heart, to give birth to just one wish, that he be permitted to continue his work in peace. This was perhaps the greatest boon that was denied him, for during his long pastorate at Narantsouac there was hardly a day during which he was really secure from the enemies of his people.

Desire for Peace

Rale's hatred of war and his desire for peace have been admirably set forth in Deering's "Carabasset," when the author represents Rale as addressing Ravillac, the French emissary:

> No more! No more! the thought is horrible.
> If France, in order to regain her rights,
> Must have recourse to arms, let her engage
> In honorable war. Alas! e'en then
> Its pathway ever is incarnadin'd.
> Oh, why increase its horrors? Why let loose
> A wild, revengeful race, to fire at night
> The widow's humble cot, and steep their hands
> In the life-blood of helpless innocence?

Ravillac's pointed retort:

> And canst thou then
> Thus hunted and traduced, look calmly on,
> Nor think of retribution?

called forth from the peace-loving Rale, the deeply Christian reply:

> Yes, and can
> Forgive them, too. They little know my heart.
> I am a pilgrim of the holy cross,
> And that enjoins good-will on all mankind.
> No worldly views induced me, else had I
> Clung to the happy shores that gave me birth.

My aim, I trust, was higher, and for this
I dared the dangers of the sea, nay, dared
Pursue my lonely route through pathless woods,
Teeming with savage beasts, and man more savage,
So I might draw one wandering soul to heaven.

Hearing Ravillac's rejoinder taunting him with lack of spirit, in the face of having his heroic efforts frustrated and countless wrongs heaped on his devoted people, the noble Rale replies:

I will confess
I have not realized what fancy painted,
And yet have gained enough to check despair.
How did I find them? Desperate and wild,
Goaded by frequent wrongs almost to madness,
And panting for revenge. Their crops consumed,
Robbed of their heritage, and worse than ail,
The robbers' footsteps on their fathers' graves.
And yet they can show mercy to the captive,—
Thus wrong'd, yet manifest redeeming virtues,
That man more civilized but slightly values.

"Carabasset"

With the history of these trying years before him, the sympathetic, kindly disposed Norridgewock dramatist could put no other words in the mouth of the sorely tried Rale. In truth, Deering goes farther and places additional emphasis on Rale's plea, when he makes his hero "Carabasset," the best and bravest of the Norridgewocks, exclaim:

Who can say
That Carabasset slew except in battle?
Oft, through the snows for many a weary day,
The trembling, helpless captive have I borne
Back to its mother's arms, nor asked for ransom.
Oft struck aside the tomahawk's keen edge,
That the red warrior brandished o'er their young.
Aye, plunged into their dwellings wrapped in flames
And drawn them forth to life and liberty.

Carabasset was Rale's bosom friend, his trusted representative in the councils of the tribe when they gathered at

Narantsouac to discuss the issue of peace or war. Brave, fearless, he was accustomed to treat his captives with mercy, and once the heat of combat had passed, the unfortunate found no friend truer or more humane than the Indian chief immortalized by Deering in his Carabasset. When the smoke of conflict had cleared away on that doleful afternoon of Aug. 23, 1724, and the silence of death had settled over the ruins of Narantsouac, the Indian chief Carabasset was found, as had ever been his wont, close beside the heroic Rale, and both cold in death.

Old Narantsouac came forth from her ruins, but not again as the site of a Christian mission. The sound of the vesper bell calling the dusky children of the forest to worship Divine, was no longer heard; the survivors of the great Abenaquis race camped not here again; in reverence and silence they passed amid the crumbling ruins of their departed greatness. That they did so was perhaps fitting; for why defile with the dross of life a spot sanctified by the blood of a martyred race! A spot which had drunk the life blood of a saintly priest, and was now doubly consecrated as the last resting place of Sebastian Rale!

"In Faith and Charity"

As such "Old Narantsouac" remains today; the sacred acre which lovingly treasures all that was mortal of a great missionary has become a place of pilgrimage. The few surviving members of the Kennebec Indians came now and then, for many a year, to keep their lonely watch over the dead; here the New England soldiers pitched their tents, to tarry for a few days, while their commander, Arnold, made his final preparations for the invasion of Canada; here they noted amid the vestiges of former habitation, a priest's grave—the not uncared for grave of Rale.

On another August day, the one hundred and ninth anniversary of the "Old Point" massacre, a great Catholic bishop assembled a few of the faithful to do honor to the memory of the departed, and to fittingly mark his last resting place. When the second Bishop of Boston arose to recall the glories

of the historic day, he faced an audience of upwards of ten thousand people, drawn from far and distant parts of Maine, many through curiosity, others through reverence, to assist at the renewal of the glories of "Old Narantsouac."

The monument erected to the memory of Rale on this day was afterwards thrown down by sacrilegious hands, but, thank God, there were enough right-thinking people in the surrounding country who, while not of Rale's faith, reverently raised again Fenwick's humble shaft which has since stood as a sentinel over the Jesuit's grave, proclaiming to the many pilgrims that:

"Rev. Sebastian Rale, a native of France, member of the Society of Jesus, performed his first missionary labors among the Iroquois and Huron tribes. After a few days he came to the Abenaquis, where during a period of thirty-four years he proved himself a true apostle.

"In faith and charity, he was fearless in the presence of his armed foe, constantly proclaiming his readiness to lay down his life for his flock.

"On the twenty-third of August, 1724, while the village of Narantsouac was being sacked, his people slaughtered, his church burned, this most devoted pastor was slain on this very spot.

"To him and his departed children in Christ, this monument was erected and dedicated by Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, August 23, A.D. 1833.

"A. M. D. G."

—John E. Kealy in *Boston Evening Transcript*, Saturday, August 23, 1924.

Rev. Dennis Ryan, Missionary and Pastor

DUE to various causes, some of them very strange indeed, Illinois has been honored by the presence and ministrations of some of the most notable personages ever connected with the American clergy.

The names of such great leaders as Marquette, Allouez, Gravier, Marest, Meurin, and indeed of all the Jesuit missionaries to the Indians are familiar, as are also the names of Gibault, Olivier, Richards, St. Cyr and others of the earlier days, but there are many of a later day in all respects notable that have practically vanished from the memory of men although their labors and sacrifices were almost as great as those of their noted predecessors, and the results achieved by them were in all respects most gratifying.

Among such as these may be mentioned Rev. Dennis Ryan, the founder and organizer of the Church in Lockport, Illinois, and the leader of the Faithful in a large territory surrounding that settlement.[1]

Father Ryan came to Lockport from the East, enjoying the distinction of being the first priest ordained in Boston, Mass., the first priest ordained by the saintly Bishop Cheverus, and the modern apostle of the State of Maine. His career prior to coming to Illinois is admirably told in a paper by Rev. John E. Kealy of Lewiston, Me., which follows:

The centenary of the dedication of St. Dennis' Church, North Whitefield, Maine, naturally brings to mind the pioneer Catholic families, as well as the nearly forgotten figure of the man who for upwards of a third of a century, ruled over and guided the destinies of this our first Catholic parish in Maine, the man who ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of our early Catholic settlers, the man whose memories and traditions yet linger, and are often recalled by the children of the third and fourth generation who today love and revere the name of Dennis Ryan, the founder of their parish.

Born at Bramblestown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, May 1st, 1786, Dennis Ryan's early years were spent in the bosom of a devoted Irish family whose one aim was to give its offspring all the advantages then possible for the children of a well-to-do, if not rich, occupant of the Irish soil. His boyhood days witnessed the stirring scenes of 1798 when those sterling patriots, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Napper Tandy, Wolfe Tone, and others were organizing their countrymen for the preservation of the nation's liberties; when the men of Wexford, in their might rose up against the English tyrants; when the immortal Emmett was sacrificed on the altar of his country; when the eloquence of Grattan and the learning of Curran were powerless against the enemies of his native land. While too young to join in what proved to be a one-sided and hopeless contest, young Ryan never learned to love the oppressor of his race, and as we shall see, was not slow in taking sides against her, once the opportunity presented itself.

From his earliest years, filled with the ambition of a missionary career, with the desire of devoting his energies to the spiritual needs of his exiled countrymen, Dennis Ryan, on the completion of his preparatory studies, entered Carlow College for the usual course in Philosophy and Theology where he remained one year, at the expiration of which he decided to cast his lot with the thousands of his fellow-countrymen then seeking their fortunes in the new world. As England and the United States were then at war, coming here being out of the question, the young man naturally directed his footsteps toward Canada with the hope of either passing thence to America, or of continuing his ecclesiastical studies in one of the Canadian seminaries. Here, perchance, would have been the scene of his priestly labors, had not Divine Providence willed otherwise by so shaping events as to bring the young aspirant to holy priesthood to the very place where his services would be in greatest demand by his exiled countrymen, many of whom were obliged to leave their native land, following the failure of the rebellion of '98.

ENTRANCE TO UNITED STATES

In his after years, Dennis Ryan took great pleasure in recalling the manner of entrance to the United States, of how he chanced to make the acquaintance of the American people as well as to witness American valor. On its way to Quebec, the vessel bearing young Ryan was captured by a Yankee privateer. As Father Ryan used to narrate this stirring incident: "The English and American ships were lashed together, and all were ordered to board the American vessel, and pass down into the hold of the ship. American officers were stationed on either side of the gang plank to view the prisoners as they came on board. When I came up, turning to the American officer I exclaimed, 'Now I am where I want to be, where I can fight the English.' The officer took me by the arm and told me to go up on deck where I would find congenial companions and the opportunity of gratifying my wishes, a privilege which was accorded to no one else among the prisoners, and which gave me on landing the freedom of the old Puritan metropolis of Boston, where for a time, I earned my livelihood working in the harvest fields outside the city."

Anxious to continue preparations for the sacred calling to which he had already been introduced by holy tonsure at Carlow College, the young man was not long in making the acquaintance of the kind Catholic Bishop then ruling the destinies of the Church in New England. Good Bishop Cheverus had long been looking for vocations to holy priesthood among the few struggling Catholic families here and there, over the vast territory which he was accustomed to call "my poor diocese." Burdened with the responsibility of the children of the Church, with only one priest, the aged Matignon, to assist, if we except the missionary, James Romagné, whose energies were devoted to the spiritual needs of the Catholic Indians at Old Town on the Penobscot as well as at Passamaquoddy on the historic Sainte Croix, we easily realize the joy that beamed from the heart of the illustrious Cheverus as he bade young Ryan welcome to his humble home, and gave him the assurance that he and his friend, Dr. Matignon, would do all in their power to further the

exile's laudable ambitions by hastening the day when as a priest he might be commissioned to carry the Divine message, and break the bread of life eternal in the midst of many a poor family then sighing (in their far and distant homes) for the consolations of the spiritual life.

A PUPIL IN THE HOME OF CHEVERUS

From now on, Ryan's time was devoted to learning, in the home of his benefactors, the lessons necessary for the faithful performance of his future duties, endowed as he was with talents beyond the ordinary, pious and devoted to the needs of the Master's vineyard. It was in the home and at the table of men like Matignon and Cheverus, that many a heroic missionary was taught the virtues of the sacerdotal life, the exemplary practice of which has given them an honored place in Catholic American history.

It was probably some time in February, 1815, that Dennis Ryan took up his residence in the parish house in Boston, where he remained until he came to assume his duties as resident priest among the Catholics of Maine. While awaiting the day of his ordination, his time was given to the study of sacred theology, to teaching catechism, to assisting in the administration of the sacraments, as well as in the general duties about the humble household, the home of the first Bishop of Boston. That he succeeded in pleasing his patrons and responding to their wishes, is amply evidenced by the written testimony of Bishop Cheverus. In a long letter addressed by Cheverus to the Father of the American Church, Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, we find the following reference to Dennis Ryan: "I have now with me in the house, an Irish young man, aged twenty-eight years, who has studied Philosophy and Divinity a year at Carlow College in Ireland; he has received tonsure. His name is Dennis Ryan. He has been three months with us. He continues to study Divinity, catechises, attending us when we administer the sacraments, etc. He is of mild manners, and appears sincerely pious. I have written to Kilkenney for an exeat, and if I receive it with the proper papers, testimonials in his favor, after some time, I will ordain him. His talents are

not brilliant, but I hope that he may prove a useful assistant to my venerable friend, particularly when I am absent from Boston. He was bound to Quebec; was taken by a privateer, and brought here last October."

HIS ORDINATION

Thus passed the immediate preparation of Dennis Ryan for the priesthood to which he was advanced by his Bishop two years later, his ordination taking place on the morning of May 30th, 1817, in the old Franklin Street Cathedral.[2] A large congregation assembled to witness the first conferring of Holy Orders in Boston, the first ordination in New England. Bishop Cheverus, who preached the sermon on this historic occasion, eloquently depicted the responsibilities of the exalted dignity to which he had raised their young friend, together with the brighter side of the picture, inasmuch as man thereby becomes, as it were, a channel, through which flow countless, priceless and inestimable blessings to his fellow-creatures. As was customary, all were eager to receive the young priest's first blessing; to kiss the hands of the Lord's anointed. The life of the young man "of mild manners and sincerely pious," had not been without its effect among the good people of Boston, many of whom like himself were natives of the ever faithful isle. The desire to honor him with presents was general, some even wishing to confer costly gifts, or large sums of money, like one of the Bishop's closest friends, Mr. Vernon de Bonneuil, who had left instructions that one hundred dollars should, in his name, be given the young priest on his ordination day.

AN ASSISTANT, BOSTON CATHEDRAL

Writing a few hours later, this same day, May 30, 1817, to Mr. De Bonneuil, who was then at Guadeloupe, Bishop Cheverus says: "Je viens d'ordonner Mr. Ryan. Il dira sa premiere messe demain," or as we would say in English, I have just ordained Mr. Ryan. He will offer his first mass tomorrow. It was, therefore, on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, 1817, in the Franklin Street Cathedral, Boston, that Dennis Ryan saw the realization of his fondest

hopes and aspirations. His dreams as a child amid the loved haunts of his native land, amid those vales so often sanctified of old by the clean oblation, were now to be verified; his stewardship of two years or more in the home of his Bishop where he had shared in the labors and privations of our first chief pastor, were now to be crowned, when in all humility he was privileged to ascend the Altar of the Lord, there to begin his sacrificial life with the sublime words of the Trinity Introit: "Blessed by the Holy Trinity and undivided Unity; we give glory to him because He hath shown his mercy to us." Truly could the young priest give echo to these words of Holy Writ, so fraught with mystery. From his very heart he could not but feel the conviction that to him the mercy of the Lord had been great, since out of his poverty, out of his very lowliness, he had been given an eminence to which the rich, the great, and the grand might well aspire.

AN OLD SEMINARY DIRECTOR

As assistant at the Boston Cathedral, the duties of the young priest at once began under the direction of his pastor, Dr. Matignon. An old seminary director, Father Matignon still preserved that sacerdotal spirit which was the distinguishing trait of the clergy of his day. A Doctor of the Sorbonne, he possessed that knoweldge of things divine which left him without a peer among the men of his time. That he did his best to train his young assistant in knowledge and piety, during the few months he remained under his care, can we for a moment doubt? The eyes of the missionary Bishop were also carefully centered on the life of his young priest, and we may well rest assured that he watched with interest the pupil develop under the master hand of his venerated friend. Were we privileged to read the correspondence that passd between Bishop Cheverus and Dr. Matignon during the summer of 1817, while the Bishop was on his annual trip to what was then called the District of Maine, we would be given many a hint of praise, many a confession of zeal, many a hope of future promise. We would be made to realize that the chief pastor had already selected

the scene of his youthful co-laborer's future victories, and that that chosen field of toil would be none other than our own dear State of Maine, especially the growing missions of Whitefield and Damariscotta.

With these promising surroundings before him, with his plans all matured, Bishop Cheverus in the fall of this same year under the date of October 8th, from the sheltering walls of the Kavenaugh homestead at New Castle, wrote his friend, Mr. De Bonneuil, who was still at Gaudeloupe, that he was planning to send Father Ryan to Damariscotta in the spring, adding: "I will then give him the hundred dollars you wished me to give him in your name on the morn of his ordination." The Bishop had already written that in his judgment it would be unwise then to give a young priest so much money, but, remarks the Bishop in this same letter, "once on a mission this sum will be very useful to him." Twenty years of toil and travel in Maine had taught the zealous Cheverus the need of a little extra means, hence he saw the utility of husbanding his priest's meager fortune for the hour of need, for the days when he would be thrown on his own resources, where his sources of revenue would in truth be limited.

RYAN SENT TO MAINE

Father Ryan's formation period was continued through the winter of 1817 and 1818, a winter remarkable for its mildness at Boston, and the fact that the first snow came only on the 10th of January; but long ere the forest snows had melted, or the roads had settled in Maine, the young priest had received his appointment. It was an April morning in 1818 when, were it permitted us to look into the secrets of the humble episcopal residence in Boston, we would have heard the last parting adieus, the heart-felt God-speed, and beheld young Ryan with his few belongings on his way to Maine.[3]

JAMES KAVENAUGH

Did he make the toilsome journey by stage, or did he avail himself of the kindly offices of some good captain, the

reader is left to imagine. Either way had its difficulties, and must have left him travel worn and fatigued long ere he reached his journey's end. But where to lay his weary head; where to rest his toil-worn frame. Thus far the one home that had ever kept its latchstring out for the wandering priest was that of Mr. Kavenaugh at New Castle. Thither in all probability came Father Ryan to spend his first days in Maine, to repose and get his bearings before taking up a work that was to carry him practically through his entire priestly career. James Kavenaugh and his partner, Matthew Cottrill, were then as they had been for many years, the chief support of the Church in Maine. Bishop Cheverus in his reports to Archbishop Carroll represents James Kavenaugh as being a leader in all that concerned the welfare of the Church in New England.

For many years it had been the aim of Bishop Cheverus to establish a resident priest at New Castle, where he would be easily accessible to most of the Catholic people then living in this section, and where the little brick chapel erected in 1808 would be available for Sunday and daily services. In fact, since this Chapel, now the oldest in New England, had been opened, the Bishop had endeavored to have Mass there as frequently as possible, being there for the most part himself during the summer months, arranging to have the missionary priest, James Romagné, then stationed among the Indians at Passamaquoddy, to spend the winter season at the home of Mr. Kavenaugh, at New Castle, just a few steps from St. Patrick's Church. But as the neighboring towns had long been open to settlers and all the available lands occupied, or held at too high a price, the few poor families, chiefly Irish, then coming to this section of Maine, were naturally forced to settle farther up the valley of the Sheepscot in the towns nearer its source.

AN "UNSHAPELY CHAPEL"

When Father Ryan arrived in New Castle in the spring of 1818, several of these families had already located in the towns of Whitefield, Windsor and Jefferson, where the land

appeared richer, and was held at a lower price. Thither the young priest directed his steps and took up his residence in the home of Peter Kavenaugh who, with his young family, lived in a log cabin, not far from the present Catholic Church in Whitefield. Here Father Ryan remained until he had erected the brick house, which stands today as one of the monuments left to recall the memory of the first resident pastor of the Catholic Church in Maine. For some time it was a question whether the new church should be situated in Whitefield or Windsor, the Catholic people at this time being about equally divided between these two towns. The location of the church was finally decided by James Keating, who offered to give a lot in case the church was built in Whitefield. Father Ryan accepted Mr. Keating's offer and built his church on the spot where the present church now stands, a spot which he was later on obliged to purchase from Ruel Williams of Augusta, who apparently was able to establish a valid claim to the land donated by Mr. Keating.

The first church which Father Ryan built in Whitefield, begun shortly after his coming, was a hastily constructed building, designed more to take care of the pressing needs of his people, than to furnish them with what might be termed a permanent place of worship. Aided by his good parishioners, the priest went into the forests, cut and hewed green timbers which were rapidly assembled, giving in a short time shelter, if not an artistic home, for religious worship, a home after all in keeping with the primitive habitations of the early settlers. This first church in the Irish colony of Whitefield, was dedicated under the invocation of St. Dennis by Bishop Cheverus, June 30, 1822.

A PIONEER PEOPLE

To one familiar with the history of these early days of the Church in Maine, but few records are necessary for the reconstruction of the life of one of her pioneer missionaries. We have only to remember the isolated families oftentimes fifty or even several hundred miles distant; the roads, frequently little more than paths through the virgin forests,

designated by spotted trees, bordered and overhung with luxuriant vegetation in summer, in winter with drooping branches heavily laden with snow,—to realize the long and tedious journeys which had to be undertaken by the young pastor when it was necessary for him to visit the members of his widely scattered parish. Sick calls were often on the road several days ere the zealous priest could arrive at the afflicted home to soothe the troubled soul, or perhaps to sympathize with those left to mourn the untimely death of an unshriven Christian. The difficulties of a newly settled country had to be met and conquered by Dennis Ryan during the early days of his pastorate at Whitefield, Me. Physically robust, able to turn his hand to any kind of work, capable of enduring all kinds of fatigue, we easily see how he was well fitted by nature to perform the laborious duties of a pioneer pastor of the infant Church in Maine.

To receive exiled Irish families, aid them in the selection of their farms and in the erection of their primitive homes, to finance their temporary needs, to be to them a father in God, a friend in need, a consoler in sorrow as well as a sharer in their pleasures, such was Father Ryan's lot during the early years of his stay in Whitefield.

So many and varied were the duties of a priest on the mission during these early years in our history, so intimate were his associations with his people, so much did he enter into their daily lives, that we need not be surprised to find frequent mention in his Bishop's correspondence of his success and of the esteem in which he was held by his parishioners. Among the letters of Bishop Cheverus preserved in the archives of Baltimore and at Quebec we come across many references to Dennis Ryan in his parish at Whitefield.

CHEVERUS, HIS HOPES

Under date of October 28th, 1818, in a letter from Bishop Cheverus to Archbishop Marechal of Baltimore, we find the following reference to our early missionary: "Father Ryan, whom I ordained at Trinity last year, is at present on the mission in the Maine District, where he is doing very

well, being loved and respected by all. This has encouraged me to take into my house another young Irishman, Mr. Patrick Byrne, who is now studying Theology under my care. I shall likewise ordain him for the Maine District." Again under date of January 7, 1819: "I have at my house a young Irishman whom I am preparing for ordination. Father Ryan, the one who preceded him, is doing so well on the mission, that I am encouraged to continue this work." In a summary of his diocese and its condition addressed to Archbishop Marechal, November 26, 1822, we find mentioned the names of the entire clergy of the Church in New England.

"I have here with me," i. e., in Boston, Rev. William Taylor, Vicar General; Rev. Paul McQuaide, who attends Salem and other places about Boston; Rev. Patrick Byrne (a first cousin of Father Dennis Ryan), who lives here, but who visits the Indians in Maine; Rev. Dennis Ryan, who resides in the State of Maine and attends to the churches at Whitefield and New Castle. The last two made their Seminary studies with me, and I ordained them. They are, thank God, two good priests." That Father Ryan was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, generally esteemed by all, is the conclusion we gather from the careful perusal of these time worn, over a century old letters now carefully preserved in the Archepiscopal achives of Baltimore and Quebec, letters which enable us to throw much light on the lives of priests who, like Dennis Ryan, graced the heroic age of the Church in our country. Under Father Ryan's fostering hand this first Catholic parish in Maine prospered and became as it were a center whence his activities extended to many parts of the State where today we have large and flourishing parishes. His visits to these different places, then important seaside towns like Portland, Bath, Wiscasset, Waldoboro, Thomaston, Belfast, Bangor, etc., kept the Church and their religious duties before our early Catholic families. It is to these families, for the most part poor and struggling, but blessed with numerous children many of whom, owing to lack of religious training in our holy faith, were, through force of circumstances, lost to the Church, that we owe the many good old Irish names so frequently found along our

seaboard, whose bearers no longer know the great Church of their forefathers. As a rule, our people settled in groups whenever possible, hence in these places they were more easily reached and the losses to the Faith correspondingly diminished. Had it been possible for Bishop Cheverus to place several priests like Father Ryan in the field at this early date, we have little doubt that the history of the Church in New England would have been materially changed. But while we cannot help regretting our losses, we nevertheless find much to console us in the labors of early missionaries, such as Father Ryan, who through their tireless energy held in the Faith many who might otherwise have been lost.

RYAN'S PARISH PROSPERS

When Father Ryan came to Whitefield in the spring of 1818, his people were few and were living for the most part in log cabins in the midst of small clearings where the green stumps of the recently fallen trees were in evidence on every side. But in a few years this was all changed, so much so that a traveller passing through his parish felt himself obliged to leave us the following beautiful description of the results attained chiefly through Father Ryan's efforts together with the willing response on the part of his people.[4]

Written under date of July 16, 1832, this old-time letter states: "The congregation of Whitefield consists of more than twelve hundred souls. Twenty years ago there were scarcely five Catholics in this section of the country. The whole, for many miles around, was a mere wilderness, with here and there a log-house, a few spots of land newly cleared for culinary purposes, and no other road than a rude, irregular path formed through briars and brambles by some other animal than civilized man. What a surprising change in a few years! A thickly settled Catholic population now covers the land—beautiful farms appear in every direction—orchards are planted—roads are cut—comfortable houses erected—and the large and convenient barns, which everywhere strike the eye, and the extensive fields of grass, sufficiently indicate the fertility of the soil, as well as the indus-

try and growing prosperity of the inhabitants. None of these may be called rich, in the common acceptance of the word; but there are few among them that do not abound in the necessaries, and a great many of them in even the comforts of life. But what is greatly to be admired among these good people is their simplicty of manners—and the great hospitality which is exercised throughout every part of this Catholic settlement. The stranger is there received with cheerfulness, and the best which the house can afford is immediately placed before him. A difference in religion makes no difference in the real or the hearty welcome which is given."

The above described prosperity and hospitality had been largely shared in by Father Ryan who had been a leader and was largely responsible for the happy condition of his people. His large, two-story brick house with an open fire in nearly every room, his finely cleared acres, his well ordered barns, his orchards of selected fruits, even to this day testify, bear silent witness to the industry and hospitality of the good priest long since gone to his reward. When we go over his farm and home today we are told by the descendants of the early settlers, that Father Ryan was ever on the lookout for the coming of a new family to his parish; that he would inquire from what country they came, and how long they had been on the way. We are told that they were taken into his home, made welcome, given employment on his place, either tilling the soil or building the well constructed stone walls which yet surround these fields of the long ago. If these deserted halls, if these now fireless fireplaces, if these stones, could speak, how many anecdotes of Irish wit, how many humorous stories of Irish life, of that beautiful peasantry when at its best, would they not tell us! how edifying would they not be, coming as it were from our early ancestry across the ages!

BISHOP FENWICK AT WHITEFIELD

When Bishop Fenwick came to visit Father Ryan in July, 1832, on beholding the wonderful increase in population and prosperity which reigned in the colony, he urged that a

church more in keeping with their present happy circumstances be erected. In responding to the expressed wishes of his Bishop, there was as usual little delay on the part of Father Ryan and his people. The construction of the present parish church at Whitefield was commenced the following year, and continued so rapidly that a passing observer was able to report in March, 1834, that "The Catholics of Whitefield, in the State of Maine, have already their new Church roofed in, which will be completed without delay. They have indeed done themselves much credit in the size and solidity of the building which they have undertaken, and which we are informed is one of the largest in the State.

RYAN IN RHODE ISLAND

About 1840, Father Ryan was transferred to Rhode Island, where he had charge of the Catholic people in Pawtucket and Providence. We note his presence at the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's church, Providence, July 13, 1841, and that he was in charge of this church from September, 1841, until July, 1842, his being the happiness to celebrate the first Mass in the new church on Christmas day, 1841. During his pastorate in Rhode Island, Father Ryan lived in or near Pawtucket where he officiated regularly in the recently erected church which bore the name of St. Dennis.

RYAN VISITS WEST

On the close of his days at Providence and Pawtucket, Father Ryan again returned to his former parish at Whitefield to remain until his departure for the West in 1848. Data at our disposal do not render clear the chain of circumstances which led to his going West. It appears, before going permanently, he had already visited the western section of our country then being opened up to colonization, going (in 1843) "via the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes, taking with him his little niece, Mary Ryan. This niece later became the wife of John Kinsella and mother of

the founders of the Kinsella Glass Co. of Chicago, Francis D. Kinsella, John J. Kinsella and J. Edward Kinsella. Father Ryan and his charge traveled from Chicago to Dubuque, Iowa, and back by stage. As there were no bridges, they were compelled to ford rivers and were delayed several days at a time waiting for high waters to recede. That great movement of humanity which has culminated in the Great West and its metropolis, Chicago of today, was then sensed in a way by Dennis Ryan, who easily saw possibilities no longer possible in the East. Since quite a number of his immediate family looked to him for guidance, and because he saw in the West opportunities far more advantageous than they could hope for in New England, it was quite natural for him, on his return to Whitefield, to seek his release from the Bishop of Boston, or at least to obtain a permit which would enable him as a priest to leave his parish and take up his duties in another diocese.

LAST YEARS IN DIOCESE OF CHICAGO

The great influx of Catholic people to Illinois at this date rendered it practically impossible for the Bishop of Chicago to supply their needs. Hence when it was reported to Bishop Quarter of Chicago, that a priest from the East had arrived at Lockport, he at once appointed him pastor of this place and many neighboring missions. But to build a church and again establish himself as he had done in Whitefield, must have been no small problem for a priest now advanced in years; for we must remember that Dennis Ryan had now seen over thirty years of strenuous life in the priesthood, about all of which had been devoted to building up the missions of the church in Maine. Nevertheless whatever energy he still retained was freely given to his new task, and we see him taking a hand in the work just the same as he had done during his younger years at Whitefield. Settled at Lockport, Illinois, comprising a large section in which there are many parishes today. The church which Father Ryan erected in Lockport, and on which he worked himself helping to hew the timbers, yet remains and is in use as a Sisters' school.[5]

Unlike many who enter the priesthood, Father Ryan was gifted with no small natural ability, having great aptitude for mechanics. As a pioneer this talent enabled him to use his less favored parishioners to advantage, and hence to further his work. He could show them how to hew and frame a building, make bricks, or run a sawmill, all of which he did while at Whitefield, and which he undoubtedly continued during the few remaining years of his life at Lockport, Ill. "In those days," remarks one of his relatives, J. Edwards Kinsella, of the firm of John J. Kinsella & Co., Chicago, "buggies were very scarce; he made one; the woodwork was done by himself, the iron work was done by a blacksmith." Hard manual labor, long fasts, and missionary labors of a long priestly career at last wrecked the robust constitution of Dennis Ryan and left him an easy victim to cholera which attacked and carried him to an early grave, August 28th, 1852.

In an old copy of the *Boston Pilot* under date of September 25, 1852, we find the following account of the passing of this pioneer priest, the first ordained in New England.

"Death of the Rev. Dennis Ryan"

Intelligence has reached us of the death of this venerable priest. He formerly lived in North Whitefield, Me., where he was endeared to the people of that place for his many excellent qualities. The letter announcing this sad intelligence, says: "I regret to have to communicate to you the death of a venerable old priest, a missionary in your Diocese for many years, the Rev. Dennis Ryan. He departed this life on the 28th of August last at his brother's residence near Lockport, in the diocese of Chicago. Rev. G. A. Hamilton, pastor of Joliet, administered to him the last Sacraments, and the Rev. M. O'Donnell attended him during his last moments. I went to see him about ten days previous to his death and during my visit he arranged all his temporal affairs. His death was that of a holy priest, who labored long and usefully in the vineyard of Christ, leaving this life full of years and merit. I am informed that he died at the age of 66—38 years of which he labored in the Holy Ministry."

All that was mortal of Dennis Ryan, pioneer missionary in Maine and Illinois, now rests beneath a simple cross in

the cemetery at Lockport, Illinois, but his immortal soul, let us fondly pray, had long since passed to the society of his Creator, and that of his many sainted parishioners.

(Rev.) John E. Kealy.

Lewiston, Maine.

[1]Through marriage the Ryan family of which the Rev. Dennis Ryan was a most worthy representative and Rev. Jeremiah Kinsella, the first pastor of the Holy Name Cathedral and first president and founder, under Bishop William Quarter of the University of St. Mary of the Lake, as well as the substantial family of Kinsellas of Chicago and Joliet were related.

The niece of Rev. Dennis Ryan, Mary Ryan, married John Kinsella, brother of the father of Rev. Jeremiah Kinsella, and of this marriage was born Francis D., John J. and J. Edward Kinsella, all well known in Chicago and as organizers and operators of the Kinsella Glass Company.

[2]"On the last day of May, 1817, Bishop Cheverus ordained Rev. Dennis Ryan, the first priest of his diocese, and a long and laborious missionary. The ordination took place at public Mass, the Bishop giving a full explanation of the Catholic doctrine of Holy Orders." Shea, Catholic History of America, p. 117, citing letter of Bishop Cheverus to Rev. S. Gabriel Brute.

[3]"The next year (1818) he (Bishop Cheverus) dispatched to the mission in Maine the Rev. Dennis Ryan who, to the joy of the Catholics in that district, became their permanent pastor." Ibid.

[4]Father Ryan had other important charges also, as appears from memoranda in the archives of the diocese of Boston as follows:

"1825. A small brick church at Damarascotta in the State of Maine. The congregation extremely small, consisting of five or six families only. It is served once a month by Mr. Ryan. A small frame church at Whitefield, Maine, which is likewise served by the Rev. Dennis Ryan, who divides his time between the two places.

The congregation belonging to this last mentioned church is greatly scattered and is far more numerous than the other. The church is said to contain four or five hundred persons and is generally filled in good weather.

—John E. Kealy in Illinois Catholic Historical Magazine.

The Church at Old Town, Maine

This church was erected exclusively for the tribe of Penobscot Indians who are all Catholics. It is old and small. The tribe consists of about four hundred souls.

The Church at Passamaquoddy, Maine

This church was also erected exclusively for the benefit of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, who like the others are entirely Catholic. Their number is about three hundred. The church, though small, is tolerably decent. Adjoining it is a house for a clergyman, but unfortunately, like their brethren at Old Town, they are at present destitute of a pastor. The Bishop will make it his duty

to procure one who may divide his time equally between the tribes.—Memoranda of the Diocese of Boston.

Sister M. Anastatia Ryan, a niece of Father Ryan, certifies that she copied the foregoing notes verbatim from the records of the Diocese of Boston and she adds, 'Although the name of Rev. D. Ryan is not mentioned as administering to the Indians, still I think he did, remembering of seeing some of them coming on the Feasts of Christmas or Easter to Whitefield where a brick church was erected.' Sister Anastatia also gives an impression of her Uncle: 'The remembrance of our Uncle impresses me that he was a type of the Bishop (Cheverus)—Modeled himself on him or rather led a hidden life in God, Who is the Divine Model for us all. It is to be regretted that his missionary life in Maine of 29 years and in Illinois of six years, were not written. His work at times extended from Joliet, or even Morris, to near Chicago. I am inclined to think the grand Washington Park was in former days the 'Twelve Mile Prairie.' "

[5]The following is part of a record made in the parish register of St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Ill.:

Regulations Made by the Bishops of the Diocese Relating to the Church of Joliet, May 14, 1850.

"1st. Rev. Mr. Hamilton will attend the Church of Joliet every Sunday—say two Masses—sing the last, and give Vespers and Benediction—and such devotional exercises as will promote piety among the people.

2d. Rev. Mr. Ryan will attend the congregations dependent on Joliet, viz., Lockport, twice a month, and Dresden and Cass Precinct, each once a month—the Sag may be attended on week days.

3d. Rev. Mr. Hamilton may attend Twelve Mile Grove and Wilmington on week days.

4th. Both priests will be entitled to their own respective perquisites, to be employed as they may deem proper.

5th. Pew-rents will be divided into three shares—one share or third of the whole to go to the support of each priest; and the other third to liquidate the debt of the Church, or to repair or improve it.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton will use his influence and exertions to have the debts of the Church paid as soon as practicable—and may, if he chooses, appropriate any portion of his perquisites, and the Sunday collections—after providing the altar with wine and candles.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton will have the power of appointing a committee of three men whom he may select to aid him in the temporal concerns of the Church—if he deem it proper to do so."

Original text in Baptismal Records of St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Ill., copied by Rev. Joseph P. Morrison, Assistant Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, January 5, 1923. There are numerous entries and references in the Church Records of the old churches in the neighborhood made by or referring to Father Ryan.

New Catholic High School

A Memorable Day in Benedicta

SUNDAY, July 9th, 1922, should long linger in the memories of all those privileged to participate in the solemn blessing of the new St. Benedict's School, recently constructed under the immediate supervision of the Rev. Edward Fitzpatrick, through the generosity of the present Catholic congregation of St. Benedict's Church, Benedicta, Maine. A day beautiful in every respect, lent its charms to an occasion rendered solemn by the presence of the Chief Pastor of the Diocese of Portland, by many members of the diocesan clergy, and by practically the entire population of the old Catholic mission town of Benedicta.

Bishop Walsh arrived at Benedicta late Saturday evening after a long and laborious trip through the Madawaska parishes, during which he had administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in seventeen Churches, and had delivered twenty-five long instructions, on the occasion of his pastoral visitation. His lordship left Fort Fairfield, Saturday morning for Benedicta, a distance of about one hundred miles, making stops on the way at Presque Isle, Island Falls, and Patten, where he instructed and confirmed a large class in each place. The roads were rough and became very muddy owing to the torrential rains which fell during the afternoon, hardly justifying the beautiful morn that dawned on Benedicta in holiday attire for her notable celebration.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop was the celebrant of the 8.30 mass at which there were many communions including all the children who were to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, following the parish mass at 10.30, which was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, V.G., P.A., permanent Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, Maine. Bishop Walsh spoke at length at each mass, dwelling chiefly on the advantages of Christian education, and the great opportuni-

ties of the present generation now that they were to enjoy all the advantages of their Christian school.

For the blessing of the New School which took place at 4.30 Sunday afternoon, it was our pleasure to note the good people of the parish again assembling, increased by the attendance of their friends from the neighboring parishes of Houlton, Lincoln, Kingman and Millinocket, many of whom being descendants or former residents of St. Benedict's parish, wished to rejoice with their brethren in this day of many blessings for the old Catholic colony of Benedicta. The procession which formed in the Church marched in state to the New School Building, where the usual ceremonies were performed, and the usual blessings bestowed both without and within, thereby solemnly dedicating the beautiful and stately edifice to Christian educational purposes.

At the close of the exercises, the many people present gathered about the front steps to listen attentively to the eloquent and inspiring address delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who spoke at length on the advantages of an education under the presence of Divine Providence, in preference to one from which the knowledge of God, the love of our Saviour, and the sign of salvation have been excluded. He called attention to the beautiful and roomy building erected through the sacrifices of a Christian people, assuring them that both their religion and their citizenship would be safe beneath the cross, which symbol would ever be for them as for other people in other days, a pledge of man's eventual victory over the enemies of salvation. In closing, Bishop Walsh feelingly touched on the hopes and aspirations of the founder of the Catholic colony of Benedicta, the 2d Bishop of Boston, Benedict Fenwick, who today from his heavenly home, by Divine permission might realize the vision of the early years of his episcopate, when he longingly looked forward to the day when the hills of Benedicta would be graced by a great educational institution from whose portals would flow in perfect harmony, in complete unison, the sciences of earth, and those of eternity.

As it was our privilege to stand a silent witness to the beautiful ceremonies with which Mother Church accompa-

nied her solemn blessings, we could not but feel the effect of that inspiration so common to man when it is possible for him to associate with present happy surroundings, the consoling memories of former years. Hence our eyes wandered from the living multitudes gathered from far and near, to that other multitude on the other side of St. Benedict's Church, the silent witnesses of bygone victories, the dear, departed forefathers, the pioneer settlers of Bishop Fenwick's Catholic Colony, here gathered by kind and loving hands to await the dawning of the Eternal day. The Parish Church like a loving mother, faces the rising sun, gives life's first inspirations; St. Benedict's School on her left nourishes life's early springtime; Mother Church guides her children on through life's toilsome Summer and Autumn finally to gather them on her right like gold tried in the fiery furnace, the chosen harvest of the Lord,—such is the portrait which Catholic Benedicta presented to the assembled multitude in the closing hours of Sunday, July 9, 1922.

From this summer day, we look back nearly a century to the years when Bishop Fenwick laid the foundations of this Church in the heart of a Maine wilderness, to find ourselves amazed at the beautiful picture little short of an enchanted legend which the hand of history unrolls before our enraptured vision. A native of Maryland, the child of one of the oldest Catholic American families, Benedict Fenwick first came to Maine as our Bishop in the summer of 1827. Bred and accustomed to a pastoral life, he found himself at home with our pioneer Catholic families then fairly well established in the old parish of Damariscotta and Whitefield. He saw their primitive log-cabins, their acres of newly cleared land teeming with the promise of an abundant harvest. He saw their large, well-bred, thrifty looking families, their Christian habits, their manly traits so like the Irish peasantry when at its best, and above all, he saw them at a safe distance from the snares and temptations of the large city, safe from the evangelistic tract monger, the proselytizer who sought by every artifice to lead them from the ancient faith of their forefathers, the faith for which they had time and again sacrificed even life itself, in a word, their happy lot in contrast with that of thousands of their fellow-country-

men, despised and persecuted in our large cities, led the illustrious chief shepherd to sigh for an earthly El Dorado where his often sorely tried children could live in peace and serve their Lord after the manner of their sainted, their honored forefathers.

The success attained by the Catholic colonists along the valley of the Sheepscot and Eastern rivers was constantly before the mind of Bishop Fenwick, who became particularly cognizant of this fact on the occasion of his visit to Whitefield in July, 1832, when he administered confirmation in the old church erected by Father Ryan in 1819 to satisfy the needs of that day. So rapidly had the Catholic people increased during the fourteen years that had elapsed since the coming of Father Ryan to Maine, so numerous was the attendance at both the morning and afternoon services held on Sunday, July 15th, 1832, at which the Church was filled to overflowing with large multitudes unable to gain admittance, that Bishop Fenwick at once authorized the erection of the present Church edifice at Whitefield which has since been the religious home for the children of the Church in this vicinity. The fact that in 1812 there was only a handful of Catholics in this section, and that this small number had been so augmented by new arrivals as to form a congregation of "more than twelve hundred souls," at once proved to the Bishop of Boston, the glorious possibilities that lay in the establishing of Catholic colonies on the soil of Maine.

In looking about for a suitable tract of land that would lend itself to the activities of a farming community, the Bishop's attention was called to Township Number Two, in the fifth range on the west side of the Penobscot river, north of the Waldo Patent, containing twenty-three thousand forty acres, a tract which had originally been sold by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to William Howard, March 1st, 1794, and upon his inability to meet his obligations, was transferred to John Lowell, Esq., of Boston, July fourteenth, 1802, with the understanding the same be opened up to settlers subject to conditions stated in the original deed. Bishop Fenwick went over the matter carefully on the occasion of his visit to Maine in June, 1834, when he personally inspected township number two, with the result that on his

return to Boston, Friday evening, June 27th, an official announcement appeared stating that this visit to Maine had been perfectly satisfactory to the Bishop. A few days later on the twelfth of July, the possibilities of a new Catholic settlement in Maine were placed before the Catholics of Boston, especially "those industrious Irish families who wish to retire into the country, from the noise and corruption of the cities, to devote themselves to agriculture."

A full description of the beauties, resources, and natural advantages of this tract of land in the heart of the Maine wilderness, was placed before prospective buyers who found the outlook so promising, that the entire section was contracted for before the 9th of August, 1834. By the 26th of July seventy-three families had engaged to move to the new settlement in Maine, of which thirty-three had bargained for farms on the Aroostook road, twenty for farms back from the road, and seventeen for lots in a proposed village. On the 9th of August, it was announced that the families who had already set out for the new colony or who would do so as soon as possible, were one hundred and thirty-four, making a total population of five hundred and thirty-six, including four hundred and two children, giving to the township a density of thirty inhabitants to the square mile.

The township was to be divided into lots of varying size to suit the means of the different purchasers as well as to augment the number of settlers. In the country districts there were consequently to be fifty, eighty and one hundred acre lots, with perhaps a few larger. Along the Aroostook road the land was sold at two dollars per acre; back from this great thoroughfare land could be had at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents an acre. In the proposed village, a number of ten acre lots were laid out for such as might wish to engage in pursuits other than farming, for which lots a higher price would be required.

Bishop Fenwick pledged himself to have a church erected not later than the following year, in the center of the town, on the Aroostook road, and that a priest would be stationed there for the benefit of the settlers and their children. The educational needs of the colony would be cared

for without delay, in a word, "no care will be spared by him to render this little colony one of the most happy and flourishing portions of the Catholic Church."

Situated about seventy miles north of Bangor, on a road but recently laid out through the forest, it was only at the end of a long and tiresome journey of about seven days, that the prospective settler obtained his first view of the promised land. A well defined tradition seems to indicate that the first families to reach Benedicta came in the early summer of 1834, in a vessel from Boston to Bangor where they hired teams to take them to their destination. When they arrived at Molunkus, seeing that the roads were so poorly and so recently constructed, they dismissed their teams, and made their way as best they could through the wilderness, traveling only about seven miles a day. This first group probably accompanied by Bishop Fenwick, is said to have been composed of five families, namely, Casey, Broderick, Millmore, Brown and Burke, names that may be seen on the old tombstones in the cemetery at Benedicta, Millmore being the first to die in the new colony.

When the first settlers came to claim their lands in Benedicta, they found several squatters, so called, who had erected their cabins here in the heart of the forest, in all probability, lumbermen, trappers, not unlike the famed French "Coureurs de Bois" of former years; in any case, they extended a real welcome to the new-comers, sharing with them all the primitive comforts of their humble homes. With the arrival of the first families, it became necessary to have the township surveyed, a task which was faithfully performed under the supervision of the Rev. James Conway, then the direct representative of Bishop Fenwick in this part of his vast diocese. Father Conway was at this time stationed at Old Town where he had charge of the ever faithful Indian tribe as well as the few Catholic families that were then in Bangor or at other places along the Penobscot. To him the first families naturally applied for the assignment of their lots as well as for their spiritual necessities, since records at hand would seem to indicate that he was a frequent visitor among the colonists during the early days of Benedicta.

Tradition would also seem to hold that many of those who bargained for lots in the new colony, never came, either because of change of mind or failure to pay for their land. However this may be, we know that families kept coming either singly or in groups until all the available lots in the Township had been occupied. The first year little or no harvest was raised, hence it was necessary for each family to bring about a year's supply of provisions, so that they might maintain themselves while erecting their temporary home, oftentimes a log-cabin, clearing their fields in preparation for a future harvest.

In establishing the colony of Benedicta, Bishop Fenwick looked forward to a great Catholic rural settlement that would perhaps supply many vocations for the priesthood in his diocese, for he was in truth sorely in need of priests to supply the crying needs of his many isolated Catholic families.

In a letter under date of April 12, 1826, addressed to the Bishop of Quebec, praying for assistance, Bishop Fenwick wrote: "I am here in Boston with a congregation of 5,000 souls, alone, having all the duties attendant upon said congregation to discharge myself, without the aid of a single assistant priest; the Rev. Mr. Byrne, my only assistant, being absent in the State of Rhode Island where the wants of a numerous body of Catholics will detain him for a considable time. I cannot stir out of this city to visit as my duty requires, any portion of my diocese; and if God should call me at this moment, I should not have any priest to administer to me the last rites of the Church. Such is my actual situation; and what is worse, I know not how to better it."

Is it any wonder, therefore, that Bishop Fenwick, with the large and beautiful families of the early Benedicta settlers before him, should have looked forward to the day when a Catholic college should rise on the hills of his Catholic colony, to the day when devoted subjects for holy priesthood should come forth from its portals? His first thought after the erection of a temporary place of worship, was consequently the building of a house of Christian studies where the youthful sons of Benedicta might drink deeply at the unsullied sources of Catholic education. But while the Bishop

began the construction of his college, and probably used the edifice for Church purposes while the second church was under construction, the obstacles to be overcome were too great, so that, however beautiful the vision conceived by the second Bishop of Boston, it remained unrealized as far as Benedicta was concerned, but was destined to see its reality in Holy Cross College, Worcester, which became in turn the child of the great missionary Bishop of Boston, and received his undivided attention during the closing years of his episcopate. The college building at Benedicta still exists, at least in part, in the excellent rectory which is today the home of the resident pastor. The first Church built of hewed logs laid up in cobble style, soon became too small and was sold. Its timbers may be seen today in the home of Mr. Qualey, which is a long, low-posted structure suggestive of church purposes. The second church erected during the pastorate of Father Smith, the first resident pastor, was a fairly large building and is still in existence, being used for store-room purposes. This church stood in the north section of the cemetery, facing the north, so that it had the full benefits of the wintry blasts as they came down across the forests from Mount Katahdin. The present church which is an imposing structure of Gothic design, stands on the west side of the Aroostook road facing the east. On its western exposure rests the rectory constructed from the old college building, while on its left or north exposure, one beholds the newly dedicated school building, roomy and sightly in appearance, a work in every way worthy of the hand of the present zealous rector, the Rev. Edward Fitzpatrick.

In looking over the baptism and marriage records of this old Catholic colony, one notes the names of men famous in the early history of the Church in New England, men noted for their Christian labors, men who are even yet remembered with gratitude in the places through which they passed.

From 1837 to October, 1840, we meet Father William Tyler, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Hartford, Conn.; from 1842 to 1844 we note the presence of Father Manasses Dougherty, long a noted figure in the history of

the Church in and around Boston; on his departure, we find another New England figure in his place, William Moran, who was in turn succeeded by the Jesuit Fathers. Force, Moore, Vetromile, and Bapst, names that will long linger, especially Bapst, in the memory of the children of the Church in New England, for when we follow today in their footsteps, witness their long journeys, their rigorous fasts, their frequent visitations whether in old Benedicta or elsewhere among our widely scattered missions, we cannot help feeling how applicable to them are the beautiful words of Holy Writ: "Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium gentium."

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

When Bishop Bacon came to Portland in 1855, there were about 10,000 Catholics in the State of Maine. Among those living in western Maine, the Rev. John O'Donnell, pastor of St. Dominic's, had for several years been laboring; over along the Kennebec valley, the noted convert priest, the Rev. Edward Putnam of Whitefield, held himself in readiness to respond day or night to calls coming from the surrounding towns; at Bangor on the Penobscot, we find the ever ready Jesuit Fathers, Bapst, Vigilanti, Paccianini, Kennedy, Moore, and perhaps many others. No matter where we travel today in Eastern Maine, whether down the long-trodden trail by the seaside to Eastport, Winterport, Belfast, Rockland and Thomaston, or up along the head waters of the Kennebec and Penobscot, we yet find families that remind us of the passing of the priests of seventy-five years ago, the travel-stained, toil-worn Jesuits, whose visits kept alive the flickering spark of faith, and preserved to Mother Church many a child that might have otherwise been lost. Had the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine served no other purpose except to recall to a forgetful generation, the memory of the heroic men that have passed, that labored within the limits of the years that mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Diocese of Portland, its existence has not been in vain.

The Aged Shepherd

THERE was something particularly sad in his death. He had already long since passed man's allotted days; he was on the threshold of his eightieth year; his health was still unimpaired; there was little to warn him that life's span was about to collapse; that he was to be gathered to his fathers.

His last Sunday mass and sermon had been as usual; few close observers perhaps noted that he lacked his wonted vim, that his accustomed forcefulness was not in evidence; that he showed fatigue; that his scoldings were without punch; that he was, if anything, milder and more encouraging in his remarks, following as they did the close of a mission but a few days previous. His congregation was certainly not prepared to receive the unlooked-for news on Tuesday morning that their aged pastor had passed to his reward. Monday about his home was not out of the usual order. The arrangement of his small Sunday accounts; his walk and daily exericse; his kindly word here and there with passing friends; his evening prayer and retiring, gave no indication that his work was nearly done.

Tuesday morning, a beautiful day, met him at the altar, but he did not see the not unwelcome visitor that was hovering near, nor did he sense his presence. This day he had planned to visit a clerical friend just across the American border. The arrival of the morning train saw him at the station. There was nothing unusual in this, for he was accustomed to pass at train time by the depot, just to say "Hello" to a passing friend or to break the monotony of a long day. The coming and going of the trains means a lot to the isolated, distant town where the wheels of industry move slowly and where there is little to mar the quiet of a summer day. Boarding the car was perhaps not quite as speedy as of yore, but no one seemed to remark that "Father did not look as well as usual today." The thirty miles or thereabouts to his friend's home were in due time rumbled over. The train was not swift; swiftness would be out of

place in the good father's parish where everyone moved apparently after thinking it over. The journey took perhaps the greater part of two hours, but there was no reason to hurry and each little station, a few houses more or less, received its appointed time. So it was with the aged shepherd. His allotted stay was now nearing its end, and what mattered a few moments more or less since he was so soon to lay down life's weary burdens. He perhaps felt fatigued, perchance more like riding than walking. The day was warm; there was an oppressive feeling about the very atmosphere, even here beside the sea, that bade one beware. He was not accustomed to be carried to the door of his friends, so why should this morning be an exception! Off alone he started, but was he alone? As usual he may have talked to himself as he slowly paced along, but he seems not to have noticed his accompanying friend who held close to his side even to the presence of his expectant confrere.

Just a few verbal interchanges were permitted, ere the vital moment came and the aged shepherd sank to the floor, to yield without a struggle to the grim-visaged watchman who had hovered near him all this last morn of life. What more fitting end? Truly an appropriate close to an existence spent in the service of the Master, to an existence which had been little burden to friend or foe. Why should he seek time for a few farewell words to the men of earth where one is so soon forgotten; or why should he fear to appear before the Lord when his one prayer had been to remain in the house of the Lord all the days of his life? Those of us who knew him in all his ways, who were conscious of his peculiarities, well knew that these were not of the kind to offend the Most High. Forth from the friendly portals of his earthly host, the faithful pastor goes, a willing victim of his conqueror; the guest of friendly hands to return to the Lord's house which had ever been his own, there to await the last parting, prayerful salutes of his chosen friends, his brethren of the clergy, his ever devoted, faithful children of the laity.

Thither we came as the evening shades were closing on the passing of a charming summer day. As we approached the border lands of his parish, a feeling of sadness seemed to

creep over us, for we felt the absence of that kindly presence which we should know no more. The very streets of the quaint old town so long his home, the houses themselves, the blanched faces of the passers-by seemed to tell us that the man who had been noted for his sharp repartee, his ready wit, his bluntness of speech, but above all for his honesty and sincerity, had gone. From the brightness of the summer day, from the streets of the quiet, old-fashioned town, we passed into the humble yet neatly adorned church which had been his religious home so many years, the scene of his sacrifices and his prayers, the shrine where he had offered daily sacrifice, before which he often went in moments perchance dark and gloomy, to offer humble petitions for aid Divine, for help and consolation amid life's many trying cares.

Here we saw all that was left of the aged shepherd, the toil-worn frame, the empty shell that had been his earthly habitation whence his heroic soul had but lately winged its flight, as we fondly believed, to realms of glory by mortal eye yet unseen. The very simplicity of the little parish church, its poverty of adornment, its old-time portraits suggestive of that rugged mould which the unknown artist knew so well, one and all seemed to tell us of the plain, oftentimes aggressive life, of the burning words of truth that had made the very walls resound, of the voice which like the surgeon's knife would cut to the quick, but only to heal, now silent forever. For a few moments we prayed, for we knew that he was mortal and yet might claim our suffrages; then we sadly wended our way to his old home just beside the village church, to say good-bye to his material surroundings, to the few friends who were keeping silent watch, the last earthly vigil over the bivouac of the faithful departed. How lonely one feels in the home of the dead, in that home bereft of the presence which had ever been its sunshine, which had ever filled it with warmth for the visiting friend.

We did not tarry long, for we wished to pass over the rough and lonely roads to the far-away mission which had witnessed his faithful visitations for nearly half a century. Through dreary wastes, by homes oftentimes miles apart, cheerless in appearance as was the country itself, we passed,

musing all the time on those years of unrequited toil, on those long mission trips, not always on a summer day, undertaken to offer sacrifice for the living or to prepare the dying for their last journey from time to eternity. We thought of the homes along the way that had known him so long, that had been gladdened by his rugged, honest and kindly presence, and which would know him no more.

Then we came along until we reached a little mission cemetery full twenty miles on the way in a secluded corner at the meeting of the ways. Here we noticed a newly opened grave and it at once dawned on us that the aged shepherd would follow on the morrow to take his place among the dead, among those by whose side he had stood and said a kindly word ere they departed. How lonely the little cemetery seemed; how far away from the living, yet how seemingly near to God, when we remember that the dear ones there are not dead but only sleep. How appropriate that the dear old pastor who had sent them on their way should now come and join the quiet repose that seemed to brood over the sacred spot, the ground consecrated by a successor of the Apostles, and hallowed by the dust of many a departed Christian. To those remains before which we had just bent in prayer, we could not wish a more appropriate place of rest than among those who had been his faithful parishioners in life and who would now await in union with their devoted pastor, the dawning of the Great Day.

Sadly we retraced our steps back for the last requiem, when Mother Church assembles her children in solemn conclave and bids them pray for the repose of the departed, bids them ask Almighty God not to enter into judgment with his servant, but to grant him that rest for which he has always sighed, among the eternal hills.

**Note.*

The Rev. Cornelius O'Sullivan, late pastor of Holy Name of Jesus Church, Machias, was a native of the Emerald Isle where he was born February 2, 1840. At the age of seven, he came with his parents to Manchester, N. H., where he spent his early years under the fostering care of that great pioneer priest, Father McDonald. His first aspirations were for membership in the Society of Jesus. His course of

studies in Fordham College without doubt nourished these laudable ambitions in the young son of Ireland, and led him to enter the Jesuit novitiate. Later on, finding that his vocation was rather for the ranks of the secular clergy, he completed his studies at Nicolet College and was ordained by Bishop Bacon for the diocese of Portland, July 20, 1872. For a time he served as assistant at Waterville, then was appointed pastor at Claremont, N. H., where he became a successor to the early New England priests, Virgil Barber, S. J., and others. After a stay of seven years at Claremont, he was transferred to Houlton, as pastor of St. Mary's in 1882. Three years later, Father O'Sullivan was moved to Machias. This historic town which had witnessed the coming of his countrymen at an early date, which had received the ministrations of Father De La Motte in the days of the American Revolution, and which had been visited now and then by the Jesuit Father Bapst and his associates during many years, now became the home of the youthful Irish priest. From Machias, during a period of thirty-nine years, Father O'Sullivan visited the homes of the Catholic people, scattered along the way from his home town to Lubec, the most easterly point in the United States. During all these years the seaboard towns, the struggling habitations along the river, where his people followed the lumbering industry, the isolated families oftentimes miles and miles away, close to the great forests, one and all received his ministrations.

Father O'Sullivan's death took place in the home of his friend, Mgr. O'Flaherty, at St. Stephen, N. B., July 22, 1924. Funeral services largely attended by the good people of Machias, Trescott and Lubec, were held at Machias Friday morning, July 25th, after which his remains were taken for burial to the little Catholic cemetery in Trescott, R. I. P.

An Acadian Fete

St. David's, Madawaska.
July 3, 1922.

THERE are few pages in American History, if indeed any, that surpass in age, interest or pathos, those which record the trials and triumphs of that heroic race now commonly known as the Acadians.

Coming to America from the rugged Norman shores, in the earliest years of our history; settling on the virgin soil in and about Port Royal; then spreading out over the Nova Scotian Peninsular, forming little by little, the beautiful and flourishing settlements of Minas, Beaubassin and Bausejour, we first make their acquaintance, in those trying years following the coming of the De Monts expedition in the year of 1604, which after a winter of privations and untold sufferings on what is now known as Holy Cross Island, just above the mouth of the Sainte Croix River, finally passed over the following year to Port Royal, there to lay the foundations of those historic villages made famous through years of persecution at the hands of the New England Puritans who, envious of these happy scenes, finally in September, 1755, became guilty of that crime, now known as the deportation of the Acadians.

To collect happy and God-fearing, God-loving people, rush them on board ships, and scatter them here and there among the English colonists, to isolate and enslave a race noted for its love of home and country, for its devotion to the Catholic Faith, must ever remain one of the most regretted pages in American history.

That the exiled Acadians sighed for the homes of their fathers, that the weak pined away and died among strange people, in strange lands, that the strong and heroic gradually, through the trackless forests, or by stealth along our rock-bound coast, after years of persecution, years of wandering and privation, again reached their charming Acadian lands to find their firesides, their fields, little save a blackened and abandoned waste, are facts only too well known.

As one today passes through the beautiful Madawaska country, bordering on either side of the swiftly flowing St. John River, partly in Canada, partly in the United States, one can hardly realize, as Catholic church after church comes into view, as parish after parish is travelled through, that you are in the midst of the descendants of the Ancient Acadians, who are today just as loyal sons of Mother Church as were their sires of Beaubassin and Beauséjour.

The snows of one hundred and thirty-seven years have now passed, since a band of wandering exiles, twenty families or thereabouts, journeyed up the St. John River to a spot just opposite the historic Parish of St. Basil on the Canadian shore. Here, one hundred and fifty miles from any semblance of civilization, the Acadians again began the work of renewing the glories, and realizing the days of Grand Pré or Port Royal, a task which they have so well accomplished, that one can hardly refrain from kneeling in admiration at the workings of Divine Providence which has turned the evils of a former age to the glory of the present generation.

To recall in some way, the memories of those trying years, to pay due tribute to the manly virtues of a heroic people, virile in all their ways, the Bishop of Portland has erected a cross on the banks of the St. John on the spot which marked the close of Acadian wandering so many years ago. Of all the Prelates in America today, we do not think that there is one who equals Bishop Walsh, and certainly there is no one who surpasses him in devotion to the glorious memories of the past; or who has done more towards the restoration of the Church to her proper standing in those places sanctified by the sufferings and privations of her pioneer children in the faith.

Bishop Walsh is fortunate in being at the head of a diocese whose history goes back to the coming of the first European colonist to the shores of America, that antedates the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. A lover of all that was beautiful and heroic in the past, the zealous Bishop of Portland has taken advantage of every opportunity of bringing the lessons of past sacrifices to the edification of the present generation, to such an extent, that the people of Maine

as a whole, and Catholics in particular, have learned much of our early missionary posts, like Sainte Croix, Mount Desert, Pentegoet, Narantsouac, mission stations, which must ever remain the glory of the Church in Maine.

It seems more than passing strange that the Acadian exiles should have sought repose on the soil of that country that had ever persecuted and hated their holy faith, that they should have landed on American territory in preference to Canadian, and that they should have reared their homes in a land which had been for them one of exile. Here, again, we must admire the designs of Divine Providence which, as in many other cases, made use of the persecuted to bless the hand of the persecutor.

Hence July 3d, 1922, was a real fête day for the Madawaska Acadians who assembled from up and down the St. John Valley, at St. David, to commemorate the coming of the Acadians to Madawaska. So true have they remained to their traditions, so faithful to their faith, so devoted to their priests, that one finds little or no difficulty in beholding in the Madawaska Acadian of today the self-same, beautiful child of the Church, that had been so well preserved for us in the letters of the old-time missionary, or perhaps still more so by our much loved New England poet, Longfellow, in his immortal Evangeline, for there are many typical Evangelines in Madawaska who might well be chosen to take the place of her, of the long ago.

This day, which must remain memorable in the annals of the Church in Madawaska, was graced by the presence of practically the entire clergy of the district of Madawaska, of the St. John Valley, among whom we noted with pleasure, Mgr. Dugal, V.G., of the diocese of Chatham, N. B., who has been a life-long resident of the Parish of St. Basil, the mother church of the Madawaska region. Forty-six years pastor of St. Basil's parish, now approaching the years of his golden jubilee, Mgr. Dugal may be well termed the Patriarch of Madawska.

At 10.30 A.M., Solemn High Mass was celebrated, followed by a banquet in the basement of the new St. Basil's church, served by the good people of the parish. The sermon at the Golden Jubilee mass was delivered by Father

Janisson, former pastor of St. Bruno's church at Van Buren, second church, in point of years, in Madawaska. At the close of mass, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh of the diocese of Portland, spoke at length on lessons suggested by a jubilee celebration. At the close of the banquet, addresses in response to requests from the present efficient pastor of St. David's, the Rev. Fr. Martin, were made by the Rev. J. E. Kealy of Lewiston, Father Dufour, a child of the parish, Mgr. Dugal, pastor of St. Basil, N. B., and Bishop Walsh. Briefly, Father Kealy dwelt on the history of the Acadians as a race; Father Dufour on his recollections of the parish, Mgr. Dugal on the souvenirs of the St. John valley, recalling in a very striking manner memories of the late Father Charles Sweron, founder of the church on the American side, first pastor of the American Madawaska Acadians, founder of practically all the parishes now bordering on the American shore of the St. John, very aptly characterizing Father Sweron as "The Apostle of Madawaska."

At 3 o'clock the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a large class of children, which showed evidences of careful preparation. Following confirmation, a procession was formed, composed of Rt. Rev. Bishop, visiting clergy and laity, which marching to stately music, slowly wended its way down to the river bank where a large cross was duly erected and blessed by his lordship, Bishop Walsh.

A deeply interesting sermon was delivered by the Rev. Thomas Albert, pastor of Grand Falls, N. B., in which the sufferings and trials of the Acadian people, the pioneer settlers of the old parish of St. Basil, Madawaska, were eloquently portrayed. Author of a recent history of the Madawaska Acadians, Father Albert easily found abundant matter for his discourse, which was closely followed by the many thousands of devoted Acadians gathered to witness this act of justice to their forefathers, the first settlers of Madawaska.

Following Father Albert, Bishop Walsh with evident feeling, echoed the sentiments voiced by the reverend preacher, expressing his pleasure in being able to bring about the memorial just erected to a heroic people as an act of reparation, likening the Acadians to the Irish who, in

their dispersion, had been instrumental in spreading Catholic truth, praying that both in their charity, pray for the return of their persecutor to the household of the true Church, without whose sublime faith, no nation may hope to endure.

Standing beneath the shade of this memorial of suffering and triumph, we cannot help realizing that the faithful Acadians have not been tried in vain. For miles and miles as the eye wanders up and down the bounding river, evidence of pastoral prosperity, not unlike that of Grand Pré, is beheld on every side. In the far-away distance may be seen the thriving Acadian town of Edmundston resting peacefully in the midst of the Madawaska and Iroquois valleys, serenely watching the mingling of the waters of three great rivers. Along the river St. John we behold miles and miles of flourishing farms, those famed Madawaska gardens, whilst far to the west stand the Green river mountains like sentinels keeping guard over a devoted people; but above all this the sound of the church bell, not unlike that of Grand Pré, may be ever and anon heard, now at Edmundston, now at St. Basil, now at Grand Isle, now at St. David, or some one of the many other homes of Divine worship, calling on the humble toilers to raise their hearts and minds in thanksgiving to the God of all truth and blessings, for His many favors, and in particular for the possession of that great faith, which was their solace during the years of trial and sorrow, now their great consolation, presaging for them not alone present happy scenes, but pledging them a place among the Everlasting Hills.

The Cross erected by Bishop Walsh at St. David, Madawaska, on the afternoon of July 3d, 1922, commemorates the coming of the original group of 48 settlers in July, 1785, a band which has since multiplied to such an extent, that today in round numbers they represent about twenty thousand Catholics, in every respect worthy of their honored forefathers, and one of the most treasured inheritances of the Church in Maine.

Old Mission Site Regained by Church

(By Louis S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland.)

IF THE lovers of Maine history and the artists that frequent its shores were asked what is the one place on the coast of Maine that stands out clearly first in history, romance, tragedy and comedy, as also in picturesque scenery, with one accord they would say, "Old Castine, and in Castine, old Fort Pentegoet, and in the fort, the old mission chapel." This is the site now restored to the ever old and ever new Catholic Church.

It was on this wonderfully picturesque peninsula separating the Penobscot and Bagaduce rivers and then joining them to form the great Penobscot Bay, that there was a settlement or a station as early as 1553, when the Franciscan, Father Thevet, declares that he saw the signs of a fort and sounded the praises of God and of the great Norumbega or Penobscot valleys.

Here the noble French knight of the Cross and the Lily, Samuel Champlain, in September, 1604, is said to have found an old moss-covered cross (sign of some previous Christian soldier having passed that way), and also thought of establishing a colony for France and for the Church.

"The Cross-bowed tree that marked the spot and made it holy ground."

To the same place came the first Jesuit missionary of North America, Father Peter Biard, in 1611, and offered holy mass on his way up the winding river in search of the far-famed brilliant city of Norumbega.

In the year 1615 the French governor of Quebec decided this to be the most strategic point for a fort to defend the now well known water boulevard between Quebec and the ocean.

Thither also the Pilgrims of Plymouth sent their scouts, and the wily Isaac Allerton, with a fine commercial eye, established a trading post in 1629, seemingly to keep the Pil-

grim colony from starvation and bankruptcy, and then unscrupulously robbed both the Indians and the Pilgrims.

RICHELIEU'S MISSION

At this place the great Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of the King of France, decided to organize a colony and mission in 1632 and shortly after sent the Capuchin Fathers of St. Francis, because he did not love the Jesuits.

Strangely enough, another great European character, Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan lord and tyrant of England, ordered the English Puritans of Boston to plant here the ensign of Old England, but they could not carry out his aim.

In the year 1646 came Father Gabriel Druillettes, S. J., the first white man to make what seems an incredible trip. He started from Quebec, went up the St. Lawrence and Chaudiere Rivers, then crossed the chain of lakes to the Kennebec River, down this beautiful stream, by Norridgewock and Cussinock to the sea, then along the coast in a canoe with his Indian guides and up the Penobscot to Pentegoet (original Indian name of Castine) and had a conference with the Capuchin Fathers in the first little wigwam chapel and finally returned by the same route to his home in Quebec.

France and England and Holland fought for the possession of this unrivalled point of land and each in turn raised its flag of victory over the place that was judged the most fruitful for traffic with the natives, but France held it almost continually for 120 years.

COMING OF ST. CASTINE

Under the royal banner of France came here and settled the most pictuesque character in all Maine history, the Baron of St. Castine, nobleman, warrior, commander of a division of the most famous royal regiment in France and at Quebec. Here he married the daughter of the renowned Indian chief, Modockawando, was made a chief of the Abenaki or Tarantine tribe, reared a family, trained the Indians in the art of warfare, led them in peace up the river and across the lakes and in war guided them to the downfall of Pemaquid and Falmouth, fought with them and for them in what is now India Street in Portland and along the Saco

road until they were the terror of the Puritans in Boston and all along the coast to Pentegoet. Here also he received, with every sign of French pride and dignity, the British governor of New England, Sir Edmund Andros, who is described by the high priest of Boston, Rev. Increase Mather, as "haughty and arrogant, whose crew began to teach New England to drink, blaspheme, curse, damn and steal, and whose folly brought on the bloody wars from 1680 to 1730 between the French and English and Indians." Here the Baron lived a long life, a broad life, and finally went back to the old family homestead in France with his Indian Baroness, Mathilda, and also loaded down with honors, titles and gold, and there spent a happy old age. His name alone of all the figures on that romantic stage remains, as the peninsula and town took up and has kept his name in Old Castine, and still keeps his memory living as the central figure, the majestic old man, of this the most historic spot in Maine.

It was at Castine that the English earned and got the undying hatred of the Indians, whom they made drunk and then robbed of lands and beavers, while here also France and the French became largely, through the inspiration of the Baron and of the Jesuits, the objects of almost superhuman friendship, devotion, and enduring love on the part of the Indian chiefs and the entire tribes along the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers.

Here likewise the terrible wars between the French and Indians on one side, and the Puritans of Massachusetts and Maine with some Mohawk Indians on the other, were planned between 1675 and 1740 and which brought devastation to all the settlements on the Maine coast at Falmouth, Scarboro, Saco, Wells and even to New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and also brought desolation and final ruin to the French and the Indians.

Here was made the final stand by the French before the fall of Quebec in 1759. It was again at Castine that the British defeated the army and navy of the United States in the War of Independence in 1779, and held the peninsula to the end of the war.

It was here and just beyond as far as the Holy Cross River that a bold attempt was made by England to gather all the Tories and Loyalists of Massachusetts and Maine after 1775 and call the place New Ireland, but the name did not fit and the people fled at the close of the war.

Here, finally, one, two, three chapels were in turn burned or torn down by the English Puritans of Boston in hatred of the French and hatred of the cross, the bell, the altar, while here also after all the romance of war and of peace and when the folly of men made desolate both land and river, there yet remained and still remains the beauty and glory given by the Hand of the Creator in Heaven.

As one glides in canoe or rowboat or sailboat along the shore or between the palisades of the great river, unequalled in Maine or in New England for picturesque scenery and historic lore, there seems to come back in echo the names of the heroic missionaries who lived and labored for the exaltation of the Cross of Christ in that valley.

Father Thevet, Father Leo of Paris, both Franciscans.

Father Peter Biard, Father Gabriel Druillettes, Father James Bigot, Father Vincent Bigot, Father Rale, Father Lauverjat, Father de la Chasse, Father Bapst, Father Ciampi, Father Vetromile, Father Kennedy, all Jesuits.

Father Thury, Father Simon, priests of Quebec.

Father Romagné, Father Matignon, Father Barber, Father Ciquard, Father Fitton of Boston.

Bishop Cheverus, Bishop Fenwick, Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, and a host of others in later years, many among the departed, several yet living, all meriting a high place among the pioneers of Penobscot and of Castine.

TO RESTORE OLD CHAPEL

Some 50 years or more ago rich and worthy families began to come in the summer time and took possession of every place along the beautiful shore of old Castine, and have built stately mansions, but somehow, by an invisible Providence, they did not venture upon the one lot of land within the old fort where one of the three chapels stood.

Here, then, the Catholic summer visitors and their friends have followed the true spirit of the olden days and

have put together a fund to restore this sacred spot to the Church of God that consecrated the site and the river 350 and more years ago.

The following is the official description of the old mission chapel:

"There is a chapel of about six paces long and four paces broad, covered with shingles, built upon a terrace, upon which there is a small turret, wherein there is a little bell weighing eighteen pounds." This chapel was named either St. Peter or Our Lady of Holy Hope, wherein officiated one missionary after another at least from 1648, according to a copper plate unearthed several years ago near the site of the chapel and upon which was the following inscription in Latin:

"1648, 8 *Junii, Ego, Frater Leo, of Paris, Capuchin Missionary Pater, posui et benedixi hoc fundamentum in honore in Nostrae Dominae Sanctae Spei,*"

and is translated as follows:

"In the year 1648, June 8, I, Brother Leo of Paris, Capuchin Missionary Father, placed and blessed this foundation of a chapel in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope."

Modern Castine will see arise a temporary chapel for present needs with the hope of a finer memorial chapel in the future to have the shining Cross of Christ ever blessing the harbor, the bay and the town, and within its sacred walls will be preserved the names and some smybol of all the missionary efforts from the beginning of Old Castine,—that is, from 1550 to 1921.

BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY

On the day of the solemn blessing of this new temporary chapel, the real only descendants of the Abenaki and Tarratine Indians will be present from Passamaquoddy and Old Town.

A Bashaba will be decked out to recall the King of Norumbega, Knight of the Cross and of the Lily, from the country of Champlain, and the Baron of San Castine will come. The Pilgrims and Puritans will sit down in peace and joy with the Catholics of Boston and of Maine. The Capuchin, Jesuit, Sulpician, Recollets, the priests from Que-

bec, Boston, and from all over Maine, French, Irish, English, Dutch, Scotch and American will all chant in unison the same prayers in Latin that the Capuchin, Father Leo, used nearly three hundred years ago. The same holy Mass will be offered up that then sanctified the shores and hills of the Penobscot valley. Around, above, and beyond all will be present the same waves and tides and winds of Norumbega's river to chant the same song of praise to God and of requiem for the departed souls.

The chapel will be dedicated to Our Lady of Holy Hope and to St. Peter, will be a temple of peace, a house of God, wherein Christian worship, Christian doctrine, Christian law will be made known to all comers of every nation; and the Catholic Church, ever old and ever new, will tell her sublime story of evangelization and of the exaltation of the Holy Cross on the Rio Grande of Maine.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

In the early days of a century ago, it was not unusual for some of our noted public-spirited citizens to lend a kindly hand to their struggling Catholic fellow-countrymen, to entertain now and then the devoted clergy. Judge Preble of Portland, gives us a good illustration of this hospitality on the part of Maine people in the days when we were poor and needy as a body.

When Bishop Fenwick came to Portland in August, 1833, to dedicate St. Dominic's, the first church edifice built by the Catholic people of the town, the Bishop and visiting clergy were entertained by His Honor, Judge Preble. As far as the clergy was concerned, the gathering was not large, there being present besides Bishop Fenwick, only Fathers Ffrench, McNamee of Boston, and Willey of Salem, but since the host was noted for his nobility of character, we may presume that other public men of the city also graced his hospitable board on the occasion of the first dedication of a Catholic church in Portland.

Nearly a quarter of a century now elapses ere another event of note takes place in Portland. The year 1855 dawns on the Forest City, while with it comes a successor of the Apostles to wield therein his staff of office. A new Apostolic unity in the Church has been formed, a new episcopal see, and its seat old St. Dominic's. Again we have an opportunity of greeting our good citizen, Judge Preble. At the conclusion of the solemn office of installation, Bishop Bacon, Bishop Fitzpatrick, Fathers Bapst, O'Donnell, Putnam, etc., are gathered within His Honor's hospitable walls for the noonday banquet. Truly a pleasing incident, and one that will long linger among the finer remembrances of the good people of Maine.

An Old Mission Restored

IT WILL no doubt be of interest to your many readers to learn through your columns that a new chapel, erected on the very site of ancient Fort Pentegoet at Castine, Maine, was solemnly blessed, Sunday afternoon, August 28, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland.

This beautiful little chapel which has just been completed is to be dedicated under the title of "Our Lady of Holy Hope," and will commemorate in a small way the chapel erected in June, 1648, by the Capuchin Fathers. Forming as it does a connecting link with the early days of our history, it is of more than usual interest to the Catholic people of our State, and even more to our entire country. A short history of the mission will not, therefore, be out of place.

In the early days of November, 1611, the Jesuit Father Peter Biard, landed at Castine, then Pentegoet, to tarry for some little time, to make the acquaintance of the natives there assembled in goodly numbers, to offer in their midst the Eternal Sacrifice, to give them their first lesson in Christian doctrine. In his letter of January 31, 1612, to the Jesuit Provincial, Father Biard distinctly states that he found here "the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen." There were eighty canoes, eighteen wigwams and 300 people. The most prominent Sagamore was called Betsabes, a man of great discretion and prudence. The Reverend Father goes on to state his admiration for their superior qualities and how he feels rather embarrassed when he compares their noble appearances with that of some of his fellow-countrymen. Was good Father Biard the first missionary to tread the now historic soil of Pentegoet? While we have not at hand sufficient data to prove the contrary, we, nevertheless feel certain that this beautiful spot perchance witnessed the landing of the Franciscan Father, Andrew Thivet, who probably visited these waters as early as 1556. Again in 1604 the Weymouth expedition tarried in Penob-

scot Bay seeking a location for the site of a Catholic colony. The bold promontory just south of Castine, bearing the name of Cape Rosier, leads us to believe that the illustrious historian of this undertaking, James Rosier, justly presumed to have been a priest, may perhaps have landed at Pentegoet and there made the acquaintance of the noble race so lauded by Father Biard.

However just our supposition may be, we may safely assume that the Catholic history of Castine begins with that November day when the humble Jesuit reared his rustic altar to offer there for the first time on record, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. From this day on through more than a century, during years of trial and sufferings, the Catholic missionary held to this spot as one already consecrated and destined to be the home of the Chruch and her faithful children.

The failure of the De Monts expedition at Sainte Croix in 1605, and that of De la Saussaye in the summer of 1613 at Mount Desert, did not by any means dishearten the zeal of the Catholic Church for the conversion of the American Indian. The return of the immortal Champlain to Canada in 1615 saw the coming of the Jesuit and Recollet Fathers, who devoted their energies to this oftentimes cheerless task until 1629 when Canada was conquered by the English, who took both Jesuits and Recollets prisoners to England.

By the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, signed March 29, 1632, Canada and Acadia were again restored to France. No time was now lost in the return of the missionaries. The great Cardinal Richelieu, now Prime Minister of France, looked with no unkindly eye upon the humble Capuchins who had, under the leadership of the famed Joseph of Paris, been accomplishing wonders on the missions both in France and her colonies. The track of the Pilgrim to America in search of religious freedom had already been noted by the Holy See as well as the fact that many Catholic settlers were likewise seeking homes in the New World where they might enjoy that freedom of conscience now denied them in England. To provide for all such as well as to continue work among the Indians, the Holy See in its decree of November 24, 1630, ordered Father Joseph of Paris to establish both

French and English missions in New England. It is not, however, until about 1632, that we find any evidence of the Capuchins having reached the scene of their labors. In this year, under date of July 19, we find the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda issuing a document having for title "On the Mission of the Capuchins in Canada and Their Two Hospitals." In fact, many of our early New England maps clearly outline hospitals under the care of the Capuchins at the outlet of both the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, which would seem to indicate their presence on the coast of New England at a very early date, perhaps in 1630. At any rate, we may well assume that their ministrations were given a real impulse when the Catholic D'Aulnay established himself at Pentegoet in 1635. From 1635 to 1654 when the English again took possession of Pentegoet, an intensely interesting story of Capuchin labors yet remains to be written, a story of sacrifice, of toil unrequited, of privations untold, which has heretofore slumbered during the passage of nearly three centuries, but which with the documents now at hand may be placed before the many children of the Church in America.

From this beautiful spot on which modern Castine now stands, from his humble hospice, the barefooted Capuchin went forth on his mission of mercy to many a wandering Catholic family, to many a newly erected log-cabin habitation from Chaleur Bay to the Virginia Capes. On this spot we meet in the earliest years of our history, such heroic men as the Capuchin Fathers, Pacificus of Provence, Ignatius of Paris, Leonard of Chartres, Cosmas of Mante, Bernardine of Crespy, and the humble brother, Elzear of St. Florentin, who during ten long and weary years, failed not in his ceaseless toil for the real civilization so well described by the historian Parkman who when speaking of the different methods employed, states that "Spanish civilization crushed the Indian; English civilization scorned and neglected him; French civilization embraced and cherished him," so that in Brother Elzear's school, the child of the French nobleman, the scion of the Indian chief, the offspring of the humblest settler, of the lowliest member of the tribe sat side by side, learned the self-same lesson, the same prayers, the same re-

ligious truths, knelt before the same altar to partake of the same Sacraments, to receive the same helps and aids to salvation. These were beautiful days; days which should live in history, days well deserving of the poet's muse, or the historian's sublimest effort.

To these Acadian scenes, the Jesuit Father Gabriel Druillettes came in the autumn of 1646, fatigued with his long journey from Quebec up the Chaudiere. Through the Carry Ponds to the Kennebec, thence down its bounding waters, the good Father had crossed in his bark canoe the turbulent waters of the Gulf of Maine, and had come to tarry at Pentegoet, to seek well-earned rest, to talk over the subject nearest his heart, the conversion of the American Indian. Subjects of the same nation, children of the same Faith, imbued with the same holy and lofty ambitions, Gabriel Druillettes and his Capuchin friends must have enjoyed the few days of rest and peace in this lovely spot.

The next well-authenticated fact which we have at hand, came to light in the fall of 1863. Pentegoet was again the scene of warlike activity; another fortification was being prepared against possible attacks on the part of France and England then anxious to aid the Southern Confederacy; Fort Madison was in course of erection, when a laborer chanced to uncover a piece of old copper plate. Sometime afterwards having to repair his boat, he determined to use a part of his find for this purpose, and would probably have done so had he not chanced to see that there were letters on the plate. Erasing the corrosions of years, little by little the following inscription appeared:

1648. 8 *Ivn. F.*	1648 June 8, I. Friar
Leo Parisin	Leo of Paris
Capuc. Miss.	Capuchin Missionary
Posvi Hoc. Fv.	laid this foundation
Tm In Hnr.	in honor of
EM NRAE DMAE	Our Lady
SANCTAE SPEI.	of Holy Hope.

For 217 years had the knowledge of this, in all probability, the first solemn service of Catholic benediction within our State, lain as it were in the obscurity of the grave.

The capture of the French settlements by the English in 1654 brought the fruitful days of the Capuchins' missions on the coast of Maine to a close. From now on until the signing of the treaty of Breda, July 31, 1667, little or nothing could be done for the spiritual needs of the few Catholic Europeans then living in New England, for the Catholic priest had already been proscribed and forbidden to enter the colony. But while the Treaty of Breda was signed in 1667, it was only in 1672 that the French, under Chevalier Grandfontaine, took possession, and it was not until 1676 that Bishop De Laval was able to send a priest to Port Royal to take charge of all the Catholics living along the coast as far as Pentegoet. During the days of English possession, following the departure of the Capuchins until the coming of the Rev. Louis Petit to Port Royal in 1676, the only priest in all Acadia was the Rev. Louis Nolin, hence his visits, if any, must have been very few and at distant intervals. So extensive was his parish, so difficult were the means of travel, we can hardly expect to meet Father Petit often at Pentegoet. His letters to the Bishop of Quebec, show that he realized his responsibilities, and sought to have them shared by an assistant who would be able to visit the distant stations. Bishop De Laval was not deaf to the prayers of his priest at Port Royal. At the first opportunity, the young Sulpician Father, Louis Geoffroy, lately arrived at Quebec from Paris, was sent to share with Father Petit, the toils of his many labors.

In 1687, so urgent had become the spiritual needs of the Catholics at Pentegoet, that the Bishop of Quebec felt it necessary to locate a priest at this important point. For this trying station, the Rev. Louis Pierre Thury, a young priest of the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, was selected. So many were the struggles for possesssion of the lands east of the Kennebec as well as along the Penobscot, we need in no way be surprised at the difficulties which the young missionary had to encounter during the ten years he remained at Pentegoet. As we cast our eye on a map and look over the vast territory which he covered in his priestly ministrations we are led to roam from the Kennebec to the Chaleur Bay,

to the settlement along the St. John, to the families scattered here and there about the New England colonies.

From 1687 when Father Thury closed his pastorate at Pentegoet, until 1698, Joseph Alexis de Fleury d' Eschambault, another priest from the Seminary at Quebec, did his best to respond to the needs of the Catholic parish at Pentegoet, now called the parish of the Holy Family. In 1698 Father Alexis was succeeded by the Sulpician Fathers, Anthony Gaulin and Philip Rageot, who remained until 1704 when the parish of the Holy Family was given to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who already had a mission well established at Panawaniske, farther up the Penobscot, at what is now called Indian Island, Old Town.

Surrounded by English as well as anti-Catholic influences, Pentegoet ceased to be a Catholic mission shortly after the departure of the Sulpician Fathers in 1704. The Jesuit Fathers, Vincent and James Bigot, probably came frequently to this old-time mission, but it would appear that they gradually were obliged to gather their people at the inland mission of Panawaniske, where today perchance we may meet the descendants of the men and women who used to frequent the shores of old Pentegoet, who were the glory of the Church, the frequent recipients of the ministrations of many a heroic missionary.—*John E. Kealy in America.*

Last Visit "Ad Limina" to Rome

and Last Days of Rt. Rev. Louis Sebastian Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland, Maine

EARLY in the month of January, 1924, the Right Reverend Bishop decided to make his "Ad Limina" visit to Rome, and as soon as diocesan matters could be conveniently arranged, he secured his passage on the steamer to France. On Wednesday, January 30, the Bishop left Portland for New York, and sailed unaccompanied on the steamer "Majestic" of the White Star Line, February 2. When two days out, he sent a radiogram to Father Johnson, rector of the Cathedral, stating that he was well, but experiencing a stormy passage. Arrived in Southampton, he sent another radiogram, making known his safe arrival and continued good health. The official business of the Diocese brought him immediately to Rome where he was received in private audience by the Holy Father. It was while the Bishop was in Rome that official notification came that the two new American Cardinals, Archbishop George Mundelein of Chicago, and Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes of New York, were to receive the Red Hat in public consistory on Thursday, April 18; hence the Bishop, a personal friend of Cardinal Hayes, decided to remain in Rome for the ceremony. In the meantime, so many and varied were his occupations, both official and otherwise, that he found little or no time for a much needed rest and relaxation. The ceremonies of the Consistory which he attended—being the only American Bishop present—obliged him to change his plan for a rest of a few weeks in southern France.

He was urged by Cardinal Hayes to accompany him on his return to America, but felt a more quiet and informal journey would give him a better opportunity to rest. He therefore returned to Paris, and prepared to return home immediately. Before setting sail, he consulted a physician in Paris who assured him that he was in a good condition of

health, and need have no apprehension as to the journey to America.

The Bishop sailed from Cherbourg for New York on April 23, on the steamer "Olympic" of the White Star Line. Before boarding the steamer, he contracted a slight cold which gradually became more severe and obliged him to remain abed four days. A rough passage and bad weather conditions made this journey to America a severe tax upon his constitution, rather than a period of restful ease which he had hoped for.

On Wednesday, April 30th, the "Olympic" arrived at the pier in New York, where a large crowd had gathered to greet it. The Right Reverend Monsignor McDonough, Vicar General, Rev. Martin A. Clary, P.R., Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Bangor, and Rev. George P. Johnson, Rector of the Cathedral, had gone to New York to welcome the Bishop, and were there on the pier when he stepped from the steamer, excepting Monsignor McDonough who was representing the Bishop at the great festivities at the Cathedral in New York incident to the return of Cardinal Hayes.

The Bishop was in good spirits and expressed great happiness at being once again in America, but showed evident signs of fatigue and impaired health as a result of his journey abroad.

Official business of the Diocese, as also urgent matters connected with his position as a member of the Executive Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, required his presence in Washington on Thursday, whither he went at once. He returned to Boston on Saturday, remained there over Sunday, and arrived in Portland Monday evening at 8.35. The priests of the city, about twenty-five in number, greeted him at the Union Station on his arrival.

On Wednesday, May 7, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Rector of the Cathedral had arranged to have the children of the Cathedral Schools and the boys of the Catholic Institute offer an informal reception to the Bishop by assisting a body at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by him on that day in the Cathedral. That morning the Cathedral was filled to its capacity by the children and a

great number of adults who had come to hear the Bishop speak to the children. The Bishop celebrated the Mass assisted by Father Johnson, the Rector, and Father Coughlan, the Chancellor, after which two pupils of the High School approached the altar rail and presented as a token of love and respect, two large baskets of roses. Then two little children of the first grade also presented two baskets of roses as their gift of welcome. The Bishop was deeply touched by these signs of love and affection, and in a very earnest talk told the children that his greatest joy was to be home again, and that nothing he had seen in Europe nor any other welcome pleased him more than their presence there that morning.

The morning of the following day, Thursday, the Bishop appeared to be in his ordinary health, and came to the dining room for his breakfast about 8.45. He had just seated himself in the chair when he was stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage which paralyzed the entire right side. Doctors were immediately summoned by Father Johnson, and the Bishop was removed to his room and placed in bed. Gradually the paralysis disappeared, and then with considerable effort he was able to speak. His condition seemed to improve that day and during the night, but on Friday there were evidences of recurring paralysis to a slight degree, in the speech and movement of the limbs. During Saturday the condition seemed more favorable, and on Sunday morning, the Bishop feeling so much improved, ordered the door of his room opened and also the doors leading to the Cathedral, so that he could hear the children singing at their Mass (8.15), which he was accustomed to celebrate himself on Sunday.

Monday morning, May 12, the doctors made their regular visit at about 10.30, and found the Bishop to be improving satisfactorily. Shortly afterward when a very serious change was noticed, the last Sacraments were administered and the Bishop died very peacefully at 12.15, surrounded by the clergy of the Cathedral.

Patrick H. Flaherty and Son, assisted by Richard Duddy, prepared the remains which were vested and placed in an

elaborate bronze casket on Tuesday evening. The solemn transfer of the body from the Episcopal residence to the Cathedral took place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. A large gathering of the priests together with an escort of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, accompanied the body from the residence to the Cathedral, where the body lay in state until the day of the funeral.

A Solemn Mass of Requiem, at which the children of the city assisted, was celebrated on Wednesday morning by Rev. George P. Johnson, Rector of the Cathedral, assisted by Rev. C. H. Coughlan and Rev. C. F. Bennett. On Thursday morning, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor McDonough, Administrator of the Diocese. The people of the parish and of the city in general were invited to this Mass and filled the Cathedral to its capacity on that morning.

Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, arrived on Thursday afternoon and was a guest at the Bishop's House. Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, came to Portland on Friday morning.

The solemn services of the Funeral Mass took place on Friday morning at ten o'clock. Bishop Feehan of Fall River was selected as Celebrant of the Mass. Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. C. McDonough was the Assistant Priest. Rev. John Lyons, P.R., of St. Ann's Church, Manchester, was Deacon of the Mass. Rev. David R. Murphy, Billerica, Mass., was Subdeacon. Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, P.R., Bishop of Harrisburg, preached the eulogy. He had preached at the Bishop's consecration in 1906, and also was preacher at the tenth anniversary in 1916.

There were, besides the two cardinals, eight bishops present: Bishop Nilan, Hartford; Bishop Feehan, Fall River; Bishop Guertin, Manchester; Bishop Rice, Burlington; Bishop McDevitt, Harrisburg; Bishop Hickey, Providence; Bishop Murray, Hartford; and Bishop O'Leary, Springfield. Eight Monsignori: McDonough, Blessing, Duggan, Connolly, Nagle, Haberlin, Donahue, and McManus, and over two hundred priests representing Maine and other parts of New England.

Obsequies

RT. REV. LOUIS WALSH, D.D.

Bishop of Portland

Funeral Service

CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Portland, Maine

Friday, May 16, 1924

10.00 A.M.

Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem

Celebrant,
RT. REV. DANIEL F. FEEHAN, D.D., Bishop of Fall River

Assistant Priest, RT. REV. MICHAEL C. McDONOUGH, P.R., P.A.

Deacon, REV. JOHN J. LYONS, Manchester, N. H.

Sub-Deacon, REV. DAVID MURPHY, Boston, Mass.

Masters of Ceremonies, REVS. JOSEPH E. McCAFFERY
CLARENCE H. COUGHLIN
CHARLES F. BENNETT

Thurifer, REV. JAMES J. MULLEN

Acolytes, REVS. WILLIAM J. CULBERT
J. L. A. RENAUD

Cross Bearer, REV. MICHAEL F. DRAIN

Eulogy, BISHOP PHILIP R. McDEVITT, Harrisburg, Pa.

Bishop McDevitt's Eulogy

Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, of Harrisburg, Pa., delivered the eulogy from the following text:—

> "A wise man shall judge his people and the government of a prudent man shall be steady.
>
> "As the judge of the people is himself, so also are his ministers; and what manner of man the ruler of a city is, such also are they that dwell therein.
>
> "An unwise king shall be the ruin of his people and cities shall be inhabited through the prudence of the rulers.
>
> "The power of the earth is in the hand of God and in His time he will raise up a profitable ruler over it."
>
> —Ecclesiasticus, X, 1-5.

It was my high privilege 18 years ago to stand in this pulpit and give utterance to sentiments that were called forth by the solemn consecration of a bishop of this See of Portland. On that auspicious occasion there was expressed the judgment that the newly chosen leader of Israel would satisfy the expectations of the Supreme Pontiff, who had called him to high office, and would maintain the noblest traditions of the episcopacy of twenty centuries.

Ten years later the opportunity again was offered me in this same place to say a few words about the first decade of the administration of the one whose consecration sermon I had preached. With the knowledge of great things accomplished in that period one was happy to bear public testimony that the confident hopes voiced on the memorable day of the consecration were fulfilled to the very letter. The declaration found an echo in the hearts of priests and people who had gathered to honor a valiant leader and to pledge to him anew their love and loyalty. On this third appearance in this cathedral church my theme is, alas, far different from that of ten and eight years ago. No joy fills the heart; no congratulations spring to the lips; no Te Deum Laudamus breaks upon the ear, for everywhere are trap-

pings of mourning; faces solemn and sorrowful. As the heart-rending tones of the Dies Irae are poured forth, the truth comes home with crushing force that the high priest, who on two notable occasions sat enthroned in the Episcopal Chair of this Cathedral, surrounded by priests and people and heartened by the pledges of love and loyalty, no longer walks the earth among the children of men.

Like a thunder clap in a clear sky went forth last Monday the news that the Bishop of Portland was dead, summoned by God at the very moment, it seemed to the world, that he was best able to render splendid service to the cause of the Christ, not only in this State of Maine, but throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Heavy with grief, therefore, we are here this morning to assist at the service for the dead, to refer to the memory of one who as priest and bishop served the church he loved for more than 40 years, and to pray for his soul.

Would that I were able to discharge adequately the duty assigned to me this morning, to interpret fully and to unfold in becoming words the feelings of this vast throng, and likewise to do justice to the life and labors of the fourth Bishop of Portland, the Rt. Rev. Louis Sebastian Walsh.

No satisfying voicing of our sentiments can be made without at least a passing glance at the distinct and specific duties of a Bishop of the Catholic Church, for the soul that has gone from us was great, precisely where it should be great—in the discharge of the responsibilities of his high and noble station. Because the Catholic Church, by divine institution is a hierarchical church, it is the Bishop who must ever be the dominating force and the directing authority in all that concerns the character, the progress, and the development of Catholic life. It is he who must make living that sound and wholesome, Catholic public opinion upon all social, moral and religious questions. It is he who must proclaim the imperative need of a truly Christian family life, without which faith and morality wither. It is he who must unify and make effective those strengthening forces which will safeguard the citizenship of the humblest member of the faithful whose civic rights are violated deliberately, through religious prejudices, or heedlessly, because of a

want of a proper appreciation of the equality of all citizens before the law. It is he who must watch with the true shepherd's tenderness and solicitude the whole flock of the Divine Master, by providing a proper education for every child; by affording protection and salvation to the orphan and the afflicted; by caring for the aged and infirm; by affording to the youth security against corruption and the insidious dangers that encompass them. It is the Bishop who must hold aloft, in his commanding position, the white banner of truth; who must proclaim the eternal principles and imperishable ideals of Jesus of Nazareth, the dominating figure of all times, the Way, the Truth, and the Life of the Nations, the Saviour of the world; the Model of all men and pre-eminently the exemplar of those who rule the Church of God; who must send forth in clarion notes the command to arms against selfishness, worldliness, sensuality, oppression, and every form of error, corruption and injustice.

Need I say in this presence that the man whose remains are before us, ruled this Church of Portland, a worthy successor of that apostolic group that received from Christ Himself the commission to teach the nations.

For nigh a score of years he was the inspiring principle, the soul of this diocese, and today the impress of his strong personality is upon every element of its spiritual and intellectual and civic activities. The charity of Christ burned within him. Zeal for the progress of religion dominated him. Love of Church and love of Country possessed his soul. Courageous, dauntless, sanguine, with a keen sense of justice and deep appreciation of his responsibilities, with a boundless trust and faith and a single eye to God's interests, he met boldly and confidently the problems and conditions which appeared during the eighteen years.

Guided by the light of unchangeable principles and supported by the strong authority of the Holy Church, he discharged his Episcopal duties as conscience dictated and left the consequences to God.

Today this diocese with its churches, schools, hospitals and asylums—with its clergy and religion, with its strong Catholic life—bears splendid testimony to the life and labors of the man who spent himself in the cause of Christ. But

Bishop Walsh was not narrow, parochial, diocesan or provincial in the spirit that dominated him. With a vision broad and unerring he saw the part the Catholic Church should bear in the intellectual, moral and religious life of America. Realizing that the Church enjoyed in this great Republic untrammeled liberty to carry out her Divine mission, with indefatigable zeal, with tenacity of purpose, with uncompromising fidelity, he labored to make the souls committed to his care obedient children of the Mother who gave them spiritual life, and likewise loyal citizens of the great nation that protects them in their civic and religious rights.

Such were the qualities of the fearless Bishop whose noble and generous heart is lying cold and still before us. His career is finished, his allotted tasks are completed. For him "the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over as his work is done." To us, the living, remains the duty of mingling our prayers with those of the Holy Mother Church for the dead and to learn the lesson which death always teaches, above all, the death that is sudden and unexpected.

No truth is more important than that which death places before us. For each of us, death is inevitable. But though the summons to give an account of our stewardship shall go forth, yet no man knows when or where or under what circumstances that summons shall be heard. We may ask ourselves—when shall I die, where shall I die, under what circumstances shall I die? Shall I die in a year, a month, a week, or an hour? No answer comes to any question. Shall I die at home, among friends, or abroad, among strangers? Again no answer is heard. Shall I die suddenly or after a lingering illness? Shall I die in full possession of my senses, or shall I die with reason dethroned? Again no answer. Oh! it is idle to try to solve the mystery of the time, the place, and the circumstances of our death. The one certain and consoling conclusion of all our questioning is—we shall attain eternal bliss if we discharge faithfully the duties of our state in life. If we use the things of this world as a means to an end and not as an end in themselves; if we govern our passions; if we love virtue and hate iniquity for God's sake; if we shun calumny, detraction, deceit and flattery; if we live honestly, justly and godly; if we do

these things, we shall dwell in God's tabernacle and shall rest securely on His holy mount for all eternity.

And now, my brethren, a word of comfort to those whose hearts are weighted down with grief when death calls near and dear ones. In the declaration of the inspired writer: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," is to be found strength and consolation, for in reality there is no death. There is, indeed, separation of soul and body; the body returns to the earth from whence it came, and decays. But the life of the body is not our life. Even though the eyes no longer see and the feet no longer walk, the soul lives on and shall never know death. Hence we stand before the graves of loved ones, not in blank despair like those who have no hope. Oh, no! we realize that they who meet the summons of God in faith, in hope, in charity are happy and blessed in their death. We understand that, though we cannot actually accompany the dead to the regions beyond the grave, we can follow them in spirit and by our prayers plead in their behalf before the throne of God.

And we can pray that the Angels may lead them into Paradise, that the martyrs may receive them at their coming and take them to Jerusalem, the Holy City, and that the choirs of the angels may receive them, and that with Lazarus, once a beggar, they may have life everlasting.

Finally we can pray and hope that when the day of days shall dawn, when time shall be no more but only eternity, when God shall summon mankind to judgment, we shall deserve by His Grace and mercy to stand at the right hand of Christ, the Judge, and hear the wondrous welcome: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess ye the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Oh, then we shall see face to face those whom we have known and loved in life; we shall never again experience the pain of separation or shed the tears of absence. We shall meet our patron Saint and our guardian angel; we shall see the angels, the apostles, the virgins, the confessors, the martyrs. We shall behold Joseph and Mary, we shall gaze forever on the unutterable glory of the Divine Presence, and for all eternity cry out in adoration and jubilation: "Benediction

and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and strength to our God, forever and ever."

Amen.

The music for the funeral Mass was rendered by the combined choirs of this city. The state was represented by several officials who with other invited guests were given seats in the middle aisle on the Epistle side, while members of the Bishop's family and their friends occupied pews on the Gospel side. The Sisters of Mercy, representing the various institutions of the city and Diocese, were given places in the Blessed Virgin's aisle, where were placed also the Sisters representing the various religious communities of the Diocese.

The procession, preceded by an escort of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, and headed by the censer bearer, cross bearer, and acolytes, was formed in the school yard, and proceeded slowly along Cumberland Avenue to the Cathedral, entering by the main door. An immense throng of people gathered in the school yard and on Cumberland Avenue to view the procession as it passed. In the procession were the priests of the Diocese and from all parts of New England, the Monsignori, the Bishops of New England, the Officers of the Mass, and the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Hayes, and Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, Cardinal O'Connell.

After the Mass the Solemn Absolution was given by the Right Reverend Celebrant, Bishop Feehan, and by four other Bishops, Bishop Milan, Bishop Guertin, Bishop Hickey, and Bishop Rice. After the last absolution, the body of the deceased Bishop was carried in procession to the Crypt of the Cathedral, where it was placed in the vault beside the body of the First Bishop of Portland, Bishop Bacon. This ceremony was attended by the officers of the Mass, members of the Bishop's family, and a few friends.

Tributes of Clergy to Bishop Walsh

[Bangor Daily News, May 13, 1924.]

Announcement of the death in Portland Monday forenoon of Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh of Portland, Catholic Bishop of Maine, came as a great shock to the members of St. John's and St. Mary's parishes in Bangor and was received with sincere regret by the general public, as few realized that the illness of Bishop Walsh was of a serious nature. When the news was received in Bangor the bells in the towers of St. John's and St. Mary's churches began tolling the news which brought sadness to the members of the Catholic church in this vicinity by whom the Bishop was highly revered.

The members of the clergy in Bangor and Brewer were deeply affected by Bishop Walsh's death, and paid sincere tributes to the deceased in statements made to the press.

FROM REV. T. J. NELLIGAN

Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan, P.R., of St. John's church, Bangor, said:

"The diocese of Portland and the State of Maine have sustained in the death of Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland, a loss that is well nigh irreparable. For nearly 18 years he had battled in this state for God and country, for christianity and citizenship, and his sudden death is the climax of incessant labors for the public good. Dying so soon after his return from Rome where he made his official visit to the Holy See, adds the touch of tragedy. Great in life, he is still greater in death. True men of every creed will pause today and while sincerely regretting his demise will devoutly wish that we had more men of the force and character of Bishop Walsh.

"He was primarily concerned with a spiritual guidance of the members of his flock, scattered all over the State, but he always found time to devote to the discussion and enactment of laws that concerned all citizens of the State. His voice was never raised to foment strife, but to effect peace,

never to restrict the liberty of others, but to safeguard the rights of our citizens, irrespective of their creed.

"In these days when efforts are being made by men of no standing or responsibility, to create suspicion and arouse hatred towards people who are among our best citizens, it is consoling to remember the calm, serene and noble Bishop, who was never afraid of a fight for a good cause, but who spurned the ignoble tactics of the agitator.

"His death will therefore be deplored by all people who appreciate sincerity and candor and who admire an alert defender of the principles and ideals of American citizenship."

FROM REV. M. F. CLARY

Rev. Martin F. Clary, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, made the following statement: "The death of Bishop Walsh is a distinct loss to both the church and the State of Maine. He was not only a great Bishop, vitally interested in all the work of the church, but his love for America and the State of Maine was something intense. He has advanced the church in the eighteen years here wonderfully. He has been interested in all movements in Portland and throughout the State for the betterment of the State and was pleased beyond measure to see it grow. He was one of the chief movers in the formation of the Chamber of Commerce in Portland, and there was no matter of interest pertaining to the State and cities of the State but what he was actively interested in. He was considered to be one of the greatest Bishops in the country."

FROM REV. MATTHEW W. REILLY

Rev. Matthew W. Reilly, pastor of St. Teresa's Catholic church of South Brewer, said:

"In the death of Right Reverend Louis S. Walsh, the fourth Bishop of Portland, the State of Maine loses a loyal and public spirited citizen, the schools are deprived of a great educator and the church suffers the loss of a tireless shepherd and guide of souls.

"Bishop Walsh was a great lover of the State of Maine. He loved the beauties with which nature has so richly endowed it. Its history was the object of his study and

research and its glorious constitution written in terms of liberal and tolerant statesmanship, was ever a theme of his praise. His eighteen years in the Episcopacy of his church were fruitful ones for lofty ideals in citizenship, for higher moral standards in the community and the home, and for the propagation and practice of the Christian religion.

"On his death he could well say with St. Paul, 'I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day."

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

As an outstanding fruit of the observance of the passing of seventy-five years of service in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, we venture the suggestion that the first Bishop's great work, apart from the organization of his diocese, his beautiful cathedral church, be renewed and a fitting burial place for him and his successors be established therein. This we believe, should represent the work of the diocese which at the summit of its power and opulence, can well afford to beautify and re-establish its chief church.

When we consider the difficulties endured by Bishop Bacon and the poverty of the diocese seventy years ago, we may well stand amazed in the presence of the noble, massive, the grand edifice that came forth from his guiding hand. When we pause and just allow the eye to wander here and there about the noble pile, and then glance back to its birth-day over half a century ago, we cannot help exclaiming,

"Oh, for a touch of the vanished hand;
And the sound of the voice that is still."

When Bishop Bacon laid the corner stone of his cathedral, he may have had his misgivings as to where he would find the wherewithal to defray the cost, but to renew, to repair, to make beautiful in its age, can in no sense be a source of worry to a generation that is numerous, that now enjoys the fruits of the fathers' labors, that has been blessed with wealth far beyond their fondest dreams.

The Death of Bishop Walsh

[Portland Press Herald, May 13, 1924.]

Bishop Louis S. Walsh, fourth Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Maine, whose death occurred Monday noon, was one of the outstanding citizens of this State. The people whose spiritual leader he was, admired him and a great many of them who had come into close relationship with him looked upon him with the affection which children feel for a parent. To them his sudden and untimely death was a great shock and they will suffer the sense of personal bereavement.

At this period, when to the regret of thousands of people this State has been agitated by religious controversy, Bishop Walsh occupied a commanding position. He has been looked upon by the Catholics of Maine as a leader who could be relied upon to protect them from injustice and religious persecution and his taking off at this time when there is great need of wise counsel and advice will be felt by the Catholics as an irreparable loss.

The average citizen of Maine, not connected with the Catholic church, will regret to hear of the Bishop's death. They knew him as a man of broad culture, of kindly disposition, of democratic proclivities, of pleasant address, of warm sympathies and, although not a native of Maine, of loyal interest in all that pertained to the welfare and progress of the State. To the average citizen Bishop Walsh seemed to be a man of exceptional ability, of sincerity and of great worth. Even those who have at times been engaged in controversy with him held him in respect. Their verdict will be that Maine has lost a good citizen and they will sympathize with those of the Bishop's religious faith who will mourn his sudden death.

It is given to every man and woman who comes into the world to play a part in the great drama which life unfolds. Circumstances may so shape themselves that the part for which a person is cast may be one of prominence and influence; or it may be that the part each one is designed to play may be less conspicuous and of less importance. But when

the curtain upon this drama is rung down; when the climax has been reached; when the story has been told, the same measure is made of the way in which each person has played his or her part. It is then that a survey is made of the individual's achievements and character and in making such a survey such petty things as one's reglious affiliations or partisan leanings are for the moment set aside while the analyst endeavors to come to a just determination as to whether the person who has left the stage for all time has performed his part well, has lived up to his or her conceptions of what is right and has faithfully and earnestly lived his or her life.

Applying this measure to Bishop Louis S. Walsh we believe there can be no one who will not agree that the man who is dead played his part well. He came to Maine to assume the important position of Bishop of this diocese. He plunged into the work he saw before him with a zeal and energy which could not fail to command respect. It was his duty to advance the interests of his church and this he did. Nobody can dispute this fact. No man could have done more than he did. As a good soldier of his faith he fought a good fight and this, we believe, all must acknowledge.

Bishop Walsh was by training, temperament and inclination an educator. He had identified himself with the parochial schools in Massachusetts, and, if all accounts are true, the Catholic church in this country never had a man who understood their needs better than he did. It was natural, therefore, that he should have devoted himself to the extension and improvement of the schools of the Catholic church in Maine. He felt that along this line there was need of his efforts and it will be admitted by everyone, in and out of his own religious faith, that he accomplished to a great degree the things he wished to accomplish in this direction.

This man who is gone believed in the parochial schools. He worked night and day for them. He inspired others to work as hard as he did. He accomplished great things and to him, for all time, credit must be given for what was achieved.

It happened that in the pursuit of this desire to make the Catholic parochial schools what they should be, that Bishop Walsh was moved to assume a leading part in the shaping of legislation at Augusta. It must be admitted by everyone that he was an influential agent in this work. He fought his fight with courage and persistency. It was his life work and he did it well. Shall we not, now that he has passed into the great beyond where sooner or later all of us must follow, give him the credit which is his due for having lived up to his honest convictions of what was right and for the best, whether we agree with him as to his views or not?

In other ways Bishop Walsh exerted his great ability for the advancement of his church and the improvement of the condition of its people. He possessed remarkable ability as a business man. Had fate placed him in any other walk in life than that of a priest he would have made a great success of any business he might have undertaken. His judgment as a business man was held in high respect by all who came in contact with him. He was not laboring for personal gain, but for the interest of his church and he added greatly to its possessions in Maine and as monuments to his zeal, ability and industry there stand many fine churches, schools and other institutions, all of which were brought into being by him.

We cannot fail to have an admiration for a man who makes a success of life, whatever pathway he may have taken. Bishop Walsh made a success of the life he lived. He would have made a success of anything he had undertaken because he had the brains, the spirit and the indefatigable zeal which so many other men lack.

Viewed from a personal angle, Bishop Walsh was a lovable man. He possessed the fine sense of humor of his race, together with its emotional spirit which makes men great poets, great orators, wonderful artists and musicians and brave soldiers. He had a kindly thought even for those with whom he came into sharp conflict. He had a great many warm friends outside of his own church. These will be numbered with the thousands of Catholics who will sorrow at his untimely death.

His taking away at this time is a great loss to Maine. The harsh voice of criticism which may have been raised against him must now be stilled. Those who have been arrayed against him in conflict must, in honor to a brave opponent, lower their banners in respect as his soul passes on. He gave his life to his people, to his church and to the right, as he saw the right. When the time of any of us comes to pass along the way he has gone, we can ask no more than to have these things said of us.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

When the Fathers of the Catholic Church in the United States assembled in Baltimore in the early days of May, 1852, to consider questions of national moment, the one which seemed uppermost in their mind was the creation of new episcopal sees, in other words, the multiplication of chief pastors. Vast sections of our country were still subject to bishops who, with the best possible dispositions, could rarely, if ever, visit their distant subjects. As a result of their deliberations during this, the first Plenary Council of the Church in the United States, the creation of nine additional dioceses was recommended to the Holy Father. Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, knowing well the difficulties besetting his people in northern New England, expressed the wish that his vast diocese might be divided, so that a Bishop might be named for Maine and New Hampshire and another for Vermont. Sensing the wisdom of this venerable body of churchmen, the great Pontiff, Pius IX, on the 29th of July, 1853, created the new diocese of Portland, Maine, at the same time accepting the recommendation of the Father of the First Plenary Council of Baltimore that the Very Rev. Father Caskery, V.G., of Baltimore, be named as first occupant of this new see. Feeling unequal to the great task imposed on him, Father Caskery deemed it his duty to decline the honor of membership in the episcopate. About a year later, this burden was imposed on a very successful pastor of the Diocese of New York, the Rev. David W. Bacon, who was consecrated by Archbishop Hughes, April 22, 1855, and duly installed in Portland, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, May 31, 1855.

Louis Sebastian Walsh

Citizen—Churchman—Historian

John E. Kealy

THE death of the Rt. Rev. Louis Sebastian Walsh at the Episcopal residence, Portland, Maine, Monday, May 12, at 11.45 A.M., standard time, marks the passing of a man long identified with the life of the Catholic Church in New England, and in recent years, through the Catholic Welfare organizations, with the Church as a whole, in the United States.

Opportunities for service under the benign influence of the American flag are many and varied. In a country like ours, justly noted for her high ideals in civic and religious life, a broad and extensive field naturally unfolds itself before a person seeking openings for public service. In the State or in the Church a man may easily see the realization of his fondest hopes, for each in its proper sphere, holds out possibilities for good, for public welfare, for civic betterment which may well satisfy the most ambitious, the most intense lover of his Church and country.

Under the public eye for nearly half a century, Bishop Walsh now belongs to the ages. He must, consequently, be judged as a citizen and a churchman in the great American Republic, this our beloved country which owes its greatness to the vast multitude of its people in whose hearts we find deeply rooted only the best, the sublimest ideals of human life and service.

Born in America, in the old city of Salem, bred and nourished in his civic life under the time-honored traditions so well preserved by our New England writers, Hawthorne, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, and others, by our long to be remembered statesmen, Webster, Sumner, Fessenden, Hoar, it is not at all surprising that the American boy, Louis Sebastian Walsh, should have early developed that intense love for constitutional liberty which characterized the years of his public career.

We oftentimes meet the objection that a churchman should attend to the business of the Church and leave the matter of civics, of the affairs of State to the layman. But, we should always remember that a man does not lose his citizenship, should he choose to consecrate his life to the Church, or that his responsibilities as a citizen are in any way shifted because he has chosen to assume other, and perhaps more weighty, burdens.

In Bishop Walsh's public life, we find nothing reprehensible as regards his citizenship. That he exercised his prerogatives and took sides on questions of public welfare as seemed to him best and just, can hardly be questioned. In the advocacy of what he deemed best for his country, he was fearless, oftentimes taking issue with his closest friends. A lover of constitutional liberty, he was always found in the ranks of those who are ever fearful of proposed changes or amendments to the Constitution so well written and supported by the Fathers of the American Republic. The rights of local self-government, the right of each community to regulate its own affairs, inevitably found in the late Bishop of Portland an ardent supporter. Nor was he less chary of what, under the Constitution, constituted the province of the State or of the Federal Government. That nicety of distinction which seemed to be a part of his very being, led him to stand, in season and out of season, for the rights of each in his own province, and to be extremely fearful of any semblance of encroachment on the constitutional liberties of the American people.

During his career there have been many occasions when various measures, apparently aiming at public betterment at the expense of personal liberty, have been under consideration, but it mattered little to Bishop Walsh whether it was the Federal Government or the State Legislature that was in question, it was simply sufficient to have in evidence a departure from the letter and spirit of the Constitution, to ensure his whole-souled opposition, it making no difference whether the move was sponsored by friend or foe. Paternalism and other so called makeshifts for the government of the human heart, whether through legalized or voluntary

associations, were never in any way encouraged by the late Bishop of Portland.

As a churchman, history should assign to Bishop Walsh a high place among his peers. As a leader in Israel the ringing exhortations of the great Apostle Paul, "To Timothy, his beloved son in the Faith, grace, mercy and peace from God," found in him a moistened soil, and took deep root in every fiber of his very being. With him there was never any question as to the duty of "Ruling well his own house, having his children in subjection." Self-mastery and thorough knowledge of the mysteries of our Holy Faith enabled the deceased Bishop to keep, like Timothy, that which had been committed to his care, "avoiding the profane novelty of words, and the opposition of knowledge falsely so called." His many letters and pastorals, his frequent exhortations on the occasion of pastoral visits always left a lasting impression, and seldom failed in arousing his people to new efforts for the upbuilding of Holy Mother Church.

The freedom of the Church untrammeled by the various enactments of modern legislation, found no more fearless, no more valiant champion than was the active Bishop of Portland. When our legislatures were in session he kept in touch with every move, and it is safe to say that not a single measure was proposed or enacted without its having been carefully considered in all its bearings towards the great Church over which he ruled, as one ever on the alert for the interests of his flock.

The moment he discovered any lurking danger or apparent move against the welfare of religion, or restrictive of Catholic privileges under our Constitution, at once saw him in the front ranks of the opposition, fearlessly exposing the fallacy of the measure and marshaling his forces against it. In all this he oftentimes incurred the enmity of the politicians, even of his own Faith, and exposed himself to bitter criticism of those who would have the shepherd sleep when the flock and its liberties were in danger, and then, perhaps, take him severely to task for not being on guard and having warned them against the enactment of an unjust law. Under Bishop Walsh's fostering care as a churchman,

the Church in Maine has witnessed her religious edifices, schools, hospitals, and houses of charity increase and multiply beyond the fondest aspirations of her devoted children.

The most pleasing feature of Bishop Walsh's noted career was, without doubt, his intense admiration of the heroic past of the Church in New England. Long before he came to Maine as chief pastor of the Church in this State, he had been instrumental in the organization of the "New England Catholic Historical Society" which was for several years very active in exploring the early days of the Church in this section of our country. But, since the history of our existence as a Church in isolated parts of the New England States did not offer, outside of Maine, a very extensive field of study to the student of history, it was only after coming to Maine as Bishop, that he found ample scope for his naturally historic mind. Here he was able to ascend the stream of history to ages far remote from the present generation, to ages which take us back to the sixteenth century, to the years when America was new to the world, when its fabled lore was just bursting on an astonished world.

His arrival in Maine coincided with a long series of anniversaries which have thus far been faithfully observed by our history-loving Bishop. On coming here, he found that historic Norridgewock had been restored, and that a church had been erected just a short distance from the spot sanctified by the labors of Sebastian Rale, and finally consecrated by the life blood of this heroic man. In the summer of 1907, a large concourse assembled for the dedication of St. Sebastian's Church at Madison and the rededication of the monument erected by Bishop Fenwick in 1833, at "Old Point" on the Kennebec, just below Madison, to the memory of the martyred Rale. Blessed with the sunshine of a fine day, surrounded with priests from far and distant New England points, who had come to mingle with their Maine brothers in the Faith, Bishop Walsh, in the presence of delegations from the Maine Indian tribes, in the presence of thousands of devoted pilgrims, fittingly commemorated that doleful August day of 1724, when the aged Rale faced his enemies for

the last time, and went down to death amid the slaughter of his people and the ruin of his mission.

The following year, 1908, the Bishop of Portland again called on his people to assemble about the old historic church at Newcastle to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the oldest church now standing in New England, St. Patrick's, erected under the supervision of the first Bishop of Boston, and dedicated by the illustrious Cheverus, July 17, 1808. In the Fall of 1917, Bishop Walsh again wended his way to this historic church, to this old-time Catholic shrine to commemorate the centenary of the death of Dr. Matignon, the first pastor of the early Catholic families of Newcastle and Damariscotta.

With the same object in view, the neighboring town of Whitefield was visited in the summer of 1922, when the dedication of the first church in this old Celtic colony, dating back over a hundred years, was fittingly recalled, and its devoted pastor, the first levite to receive holy priesthood in New England, the Rev. Dennis Ryan, whose memories yet linger in the heart of the older families, was duly honored.

In 1913, on Wednesday, August sixth, Bishop Walsh entertained his brethren of the episcopate of the New England Province at Bar Harbor, the object being to celebrate the tercentenary of the founding of the Catholic Church in Maine. Here in the newly constructed church of the Holy Redeemer, in the presence of hundreds of the clergy, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the New England episcopate, the Holy Sacrifice was offered by the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, the sermon of the occasion being delivered by the Bishop of the diocese of Portland, Louis S. Walsh, D.D., who in a long historic discourse well described the landing of the de Guercheville colony, and the founding of Saint Sauveur, destroyed a few months later by Samuel Argall of Virginia.

In the last days of August, 1921, another of the old mission stations, ancient Pentegoet, saw her former glories restored. This staid old town now known as Castine, thus called in honor of its noted settler, Baron de Castine, which

had for years looked with complacency on the ruins of old Fort Pentegoet, now saw with surprise, the beautiful mission chapel of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" rise "Phoenix-like" from the ruins of the past, from those misty vistas of 300 years ago, when the humble and silent Capuchins broke the Bread of Life and explained the mysteries of our Holy Faith for the first time to the dusky children of the Western world. The sermon on this truly historic occasion was preached by that aged Jesuit Father, who likewise graced with his well-chosen words the great gatherings at Norridgewock and Mount Desert, the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

Bishop Walsh seemed to delight in giving these old-time missions their proper setting; thus on each occasion we beheld the surviving members of the ancient Abenaki tribe again assembled on their ancient camping ground with the black robed Jesuit in their midst, and so realistic was the scene that one could hardly realize that many centuries had passed since the stirring events this day commemorated, had taken place.

Thus we may follow our deceased Bishop during the eighteen years of his intensely active pastorate of the diocese of Portland. At one time we see him at the far eastern limits of the United States at Pleasant Point, surrounded by the remnants of the historic Micmac Tribe, celebrating some event noted in their history; again we see him following in the footsteps of the wandering Acadian families to their homes in faraway Aroostook, along the banks of the swiftly flowing St. John River. The story is ever the same wherever we meet him, whether among the Indians or in the old historic settlements at Newcastle, Whitefield, Benedicta, the historic threads of an intensely interesting past were picked up, and the matter gathered for a history of the church in Maine, a true record of her work from the heroic times of 1604 down to the present generation now privileged to bear testimony to years of fruitful labor, especially to the days so filled with the activities of the fourth Bishop of Portland.

And thus he planned on, even while the angel of death was hovering, perhaps sadly at his door. This present sum-

mer was to behold, as it were, the climax of his historic commemorations, when, on August 23, it was his fond hope to see the multitudes again assembled to celebrate the second centenary of the martyrdom of Sebastian Rale. It was Bishop Walsh's hope to make this celebration one of lasting remembrance, by erecting, if possible, a chapel on this historic ground, on the very spot where rest the ashes of this heroic man.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of a long journey to Rome, on his return to Paris, Bishop Walsh paid a special visit to Pontarlier, the birth-place of Father Rale, with the hope that he might find some data yet unpublished, some new facts that might throw additional light on the life of the humble Jesuit missionary who lived so long at Norridgewock, then called Narantsouac, and who finally gave his life for his devoted flock on that August day, 1724. We do not know what success crowned the Bishop's last quest for historic lore, but we do know that Bishop Walsh must have undertaken this long and arduous journey, fully conscious of his rapidly diminishing physical forces, and with the one hope of gathering a few more stones, a few more facts for this historical memorial which he long had in mind, and which was to rise from the sands of old Narantsouac in memory of the life and death of Sebastian Rale.

Bishop Walsh's Funeral

Clergy in Attendance

Among the priests who were present at the funeral on May 16th, were the following:

Rev. Chatagnon, John M.	Auburn
Rev. Poirier, Georges E.	Auburn
Rev. Proulx, C. E.	Auburn
Rev. Casavant, Joseph A.	Augusta
Rev. Chabot, Armand J.	Augusta
Rev. McGowan, J. R.	Augusta
Rev. McLaughlin, Thomas J.	Augusta
Rev. Dube, P.	Bath
Rev. Horan, N. J.	Bath
Rev. Biglin, Charles P.	Bangor
Rev. Clary, M. A.	Bangor
Rev. Murphy, John	Bangor
Rev. Nelligan, Thomas J.	Bangor
Rev. Ballou, M. L.	Biddeford
Rev. Decary, A. M.	Biddeford
Rev. Decary, Z. B.	Biddeford
Rev. Laflamme, J. A.	Biddeford
Rev. Martin, Joseph X.	Biddeford
Rev. Nadeau, Edouard	Biddeford
Rev. Madore, A. J., S. M.	Brunswick
Rev. Vinas, E., S.M.	Brunswick
Rev. O'Brien, J. D.	Bar Harbor
Rev. Enright, C. J.	Benedicta
Rev. O'Mahony, T. J.	Belfast
Rev. Carroll, M. H.	Bingham
Rev. Ouellette, L. D.	Caribou
Rev. Pettit, Geo. J.	Calais
Rev. LeGuennec, J. M.	Chisholm
Rev. Maney, Timothy C.	Dexter
Rev. Sullivan, J. S.	Eastport
Rev. Boland, M. B.	Eastport
Rev. Gorman, J. A.	Ellsworth
Rev. Finn, J. J.	Fort Fairfield
Rev. Laverdiere, J. Arthur	Fairfield
Rev. Brown, Charles I.	Farmington
Rev. Reardon, P. H.	Gardiner
Rev. Sloan, Henry A.	Greenville
Rev. Silke, P. H.	Houlton

Rev. Frazier, Clement M.	Hallowell
Rev. Frawley, John W.	Island Falls
Rev. Forest, Joseph	Jackman
Rev. Dallemand, Louis	Keegan
Rev. Kenely, M. J.	Kennebunkport
Rev. Tierney, Michael F.	Kingman
Rev. Rice, James J.	Kittery
Rev. Brady, J. F.	Lewiston
Rev. Drain, M. F.	Lewiston
Rev. Ferir, O. P.	Lewiston
Rev. Gilbert, Napoleon J.	Lewiston
Rev. Kealy, John E.	Lewiston
Rev. Murnane, Edmund	Lewiston
Rev. Nonorgue, V. E.	Lewiston
Rev. Walsh, E. F.	Lewiston
Rev. Roy, P. A., O.P.	Lewiston
Rev. Dion, A. E., O.P.	Lewiston
Rev. McLaughlin, F. J.	Limerick
Rev. Norman, Jos. A.	Lille
Rev. Griffin, M.	Lubec
Rev. Baczyk, A. J.	Lisbon Falls
Rev. Sullivan, John J.	Lisbon Falls
Rev. Giguere, A.	Limestone
Rev. Doherty, J. L.	Lincoln
Rev. Savage, J. F.	Lincoln
Rev. Nelligan, John F.	Madison
Rev. O'Sullivan, C.	Machias
Rev. Hogan, J. F.	Millinocket
Rev. O'Dowd, Thomas J.	E. Millinocket
Rev. Reddin, J. E.	Norway
Rev. Driscoll, John A.	North Vassalboro
Rev. Harris, Richard F.	Old Town
Rev. Gauthier, Eugene	Old Town
Rev. Feeney, D. J.	Orono
Rev. Bennett, C. F.	Portland
Rev. Carey, J. A.	Portland
Rev. Coughlan, C. H.	Portland
Rev. Dandaneau, G. E.	Portland
Rev. Doherty, J. L.	Portland
Rev. Donovan, S. M.	Portland
Rev. Dunnagan, Thos. W.	Portland
Rev. Dunne, Michael D.	Portland
Rev. Houlihan, J. W.	Portland
Rev. Houlihan, T. H.	Portland
Rev. Hughes, Edward V.	Portland
Rev. Johnson, G. P.	Portland
Rev. McCaffrey, J. E.	Portland

Rev. McKenna, Phillip S.	Portland
Rev. Mullen, J. J.	Portland
Rev. Petrillo, Antonio	Portland
Rev. Pojnar, P. M.	Portland
Rev. Raemers, S. A.	Portland
Rev. Winnen, James A.	Portland
Rev. Karpe, Fred A.	South Portland
Rev. Hayes, J. A.	Presque Isle
Rev. Giavina, Eugene	Rumford
Rev. Boivin, P. J.	Rumford
Rev. Hevey, Elie	Rumford
Rev. Carey, Leo R.	Rockland
Rev. Flynn, James A.	Rockland
Rev. Mahoney, T. Joseph	Saco
Rev. McGinnis, J. J.	Sanford
Rev. Kalen, Joseph	Sanford
Rev. Semery, Henry C.	Sanford
Rev. Renaud, J. L. A.	Skowhegan
Rev. Huot, Louis E.	Springvale
Rev. Pomerleau, Max George	St. David
Rev. Buhrer, Paul S.	St. Agatha
Rev. Ferlandin, Eugene	St. Francis
Rev. Holohan, John F.	South Brewer, Maine
Rev. Reilly, Matthew W.	South Brewer, Maine
Rev. Fitzpatrick, Edward F.	South Berwick, Maine
Rev. Baudin, L.	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Anciaus, A.	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Orieux, Joseph	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Martin, D. J.	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Fredette, J. A.	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Curran, M. E.	Waterville, Maine
Rev. Rene, Alfred	Wallagrass, Maine
Rev. Culbert, Wm. J.	Westbrook, Maine
Rev. Carpentier, F.	Westbrook, Maine
Rev. Desjardins, P. E.	Westbrook, Maine
Rev. McCabe, D. A.	Whitefield, Maine
Rev. Keenan, R. J.	Winthrop, Maine
Rev. Moriarty, T. H.	Woodland, Maine
Rev. Duclos, J. L., S.M.	Van Buren, Maine
Rev. Quinn, Joseph D.	Yarmouthville, Maine
Rev. O'Brien, Maurice J.	Beverly, Massachusetts
Rev. Murphy, David R.	Billerica, Massachusetts
Rev. Tracy, Joseph V.	Brighton, Massachusetts
Rev. O'Leary, John, C.SS.R.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Melvin, John R., C.SS.R.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Conway, W. J., S.J.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Mellyn, James F., S.J.	Boston, Massachusetts

Rev. Reis, J. A., S.M.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Casey, Wm. J.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Mullen, J. T.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. McCauley, J. A.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. McDonough, Wm. H.	Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. Butler, John A.	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rev. Glynn, L. J.	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Rev. Power, J. J.	Greenfield, Massachusetts
Rev. Gilrain, J. P.	Holyoke, Massachusetts
Rev. Jamisson, M., S.M.	Lawrence, Massachusetts
Rev. Burns, Henry R., O.M.I.	Lowell, Massachusetts
Rev. Robbins, W. A., O.M.I.	Lowell, Massachusetts
Rev. Shaw, John J.	Lowell, Massachusetts
Rev. Gwynn, F. J.	Melrose, Massachusetts
Rev. Doherty, James F.	Norwood, Massachusetts
Rev. Connolly, Jos. V.	Pepperell, Massachusetts
Rev. Crayton, F. L.	Salem, Massachusetts
Rev. O'Brien, John T.	Sharon, Massachusetts
Rev. Keating, J. J.	Shelburne, Massachusetts
Rev. O'Brien, James J.	Somerville, Massachusetts
Rev. Ahern, James	Springfield, Massachusetts
Rev. Phelan, John P.	Whitinsville, Massachusetts
Rev. Carlin, James J., S.J.	Worcester, Massachusetts
Rev. Donahue, F. J.	Westfield, Massachusetts
Rev. Gorham, J. P.	Woburn, Massachusetts
Rev. Gamache, P. C.	Farmington, New Hampshire
Rev. Boire, A. P.	Gonic, New Hampshire
Rev. Lyons, John J.	Manchester, New Hampshire
Rev. Boyd, John J.	Manchester, New Hampshire
Rev. Buckley, J. S.	Manchester, New Hampshire
Rev. Connor, Thos J.	Manchester, New Hampshire
Rev. Creamer, Matthew	Nashua, New Hampshire
Rev. McCooey, James	Newmarket, New Hampshire
Rev. White, J. E.	No. Conway, New Hampshire
Rev. Sullivan, D. Alex	Portsmouth, New Hampshire
Rev. Gillis, Joseph F.	Burlington, Vermont
Rev. Collins, Thomas	Providence, Rhode Island
Rev. Malone, P. J.	Providence, Rhode Island
Rev. Flynn, W. H.	Hartford, Connecticut
Rev. McAuliffe, Maurice F.	Hartford, Connecticut
Rev. Coyle, John D.	New Haven, Connecticut
Rev. Rissk, Paul	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Rev. Walsh, John P. M., S. J.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Rev. Dyer, E. R., S.S., D.D.	Baltimore, Maryland
Rev. Havey, Francis P., S.S., D.D.	Baltimore, Maryland
Rev. Hogue, C. D.	Baltimore, Maryland

Rev. Fenlon, John F., S.S., D.D.	Washington, D. C.
Rev. McNeil, Augustine	St. Joseph, Missouri
Rev. Marisette, J. A.	Regina, Sask., Canada
Rev. Farrell, John J., O.S.A.	
Rev. Sullivan, Michael A., O.S.A.	

ELECTION OF AN ADMINISTRATOR—SEDE VACANTE

On the death of a Bishop, according to statute law of the Church, in the United States, the duty of providing for the administration of the vacant See, pending the selection of a new bishop, devolves on the diocesan board of consultors, the members of which are chosen for a term of three years each.

When Bishop Walsh died, the Consultores Episcopi were: Revs. J. E. Kealy, P.R.; Martin Cleary, P.R.; J. A. Laflamme, P.R.; P. E. Desjardins, P.R.; A. M. Decary. In compliance with the law, this body assembled, in the north parlor of the Episcopal Residence, at 8 o'clock, the evening of the Bishop's decease.

The Rev. J. E. Kealy was elected as chairman of the meeting, the Rev. Martin Cleary as secretary. After due consideration of the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of safeguarding the interests of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, P.A., P.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, was duly elected as Administrator of the diocese during the vacancy (subject to the approval of the Apostolic Delegate). The chair appointed the Revs. Fathers Clary and Decary to notify Mgr. McDonough of his election which, on notice, was approved by His Excellency Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

The Diocesan Council again met, Wednesday afternoon at 2.30, for the purpose of signing the Rt. Rev. Administrator's letters, incorporating power of administration in the temporal affairs of the diocese.

As soon as possible, the Rt. Rev. Administrator sent the usual notice of the Bishop's decease to the different mem-

bers of the Hierarchy and the Rev. Clergy, designating the funeral hour for Friday, May 16th, at 10 o'clock.

COPY OF ANNOUNCEMENT

The Right Reverend Louis Sebastian Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland, died at the Episcopal Residence on Monday, May 12, 1924. The funeral will take place at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, on Friday, May 16, 1924, at ten o'clock, daylight saving time.

RT. REV. M. C. MCDONOUGH, Admin.

July 29, 1928

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

The ceremony of Bishop Bacon's installation took place in old St. Dominic's Church, then the only house of Catholic worship in the city of Portland. Erected by the Rev. Charles Ffrench, the first resident pastor of the Catholic people of Portland, in 1830, this sacred edifice had been thus far three times enlarged to satisfy the ever-increasing congregation. The first dedication of St. Dominic's took place in 1833, August 11. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Fenwick, assisted by Fathers McNamee of Boston, Willey of Salem, and Ffrench of Portland. The first services in the church were held on the festival of All Saints, November 1, 1830, there being then about 200 Catholics in Portland. At the dedication in 1833, the number had doubled, the increase continuing from year to year, so that we find in 1846, 1,000 Catholics in Portland, and the day of Bishop Bacon's arrival, there was general rejoicing in the fact that the old church was too small for the 1,600 children of the Church then in Portland. While in charge of the Catholic people of Portland, Father Ffrench had also to journey down to Eastport where in addition to the handful of poor, struggling Catholic immigrants, he had charge of the Catholic Indian settlement at Pleasant Point. To finance the work of building in Eastport, Portland, and Dover, N. H., Father Ffrench had collected upwards of two thousand dollars among the Catholic people of Boston.

Bishop Walsh's Last Message

Had Bishop Walsh enjoyed his wonted health, he would without doubt have had much to say concerning his trip to Rome and his travels in France. His knowledge of European countries, his familiarity with the Eternal City, his long acquaintance with France, and especially his long journey over across the country to Pontarlier, the birthplace of Sebastian Rale, would have afforded him abundant material for many a deeply interesting and edifying instruction to his people as he journeyed about his diocese. Sunday following his arrival home would have beheld him addressing his cathedral congregation on the various incidents of his short trip to Rome and France.

Considering his shattered health, his fatigue naturally following a somewhat hurried voyage, we should appreciate all the more the supreme effort which he must have made, as well as the fact that he did leave us a last message which shows his unconquerable spirit, and his determination to shake off, if possible, the shadows of ill-health which were fast closing in on the devoted Bishop of Portland.

The inspiration of a beautiful spring day, the feast of the charming Roman maiden, Flavia Domitilla, and her two heroic servants offering their lives for the faith, doubtless lent additional zest to the jaded Bishop as he offered mass in honor of the occasion. Then the presence of a vast concourse of children and parents, the devoted sisters and other teachers gave Bishop Walsh renewed strength for the occasion. His physical condition necessarily precluded any attempt at a set effort, but rather dictated a heart-to-heart affair.

In a voice lacking strength, but easy and agreeable, Bishop Walsh thus addressed his people:

Dear Children and your Parents: How happy I am to be here; how happy I am to see you! On the occasion of my visit to the Holy Father, I told him of the children of this parish, of the children of the Catholic diocese of Maine. I

said what an inspiration it was to see the children attend masses here on holy days and Sundays. You know that they have no organized parishes in Italy; no outpouring of children *en masse* like they have here in Maine.

Never have I seen anything so inspiring, so beautiful, as your presence here this morning. No procession, no great public welcome would please me more. This is the way I desired it—the children at the mass and their parents. To be welcomed home in this manner means more to me than any public demonstration ever could mean. It reaches my heart more. And the flowers you have bestowed on me yesterday and to-day are all symbolic of your love and devotion to me.

I left you just twelve weeks ago. I had the good fortune to celebrate mass on shipboard and in that mass I remembered all of you. Of the twelve weeks spent abroad, four of them were spent in Rome. I had two audiences with the Holy Father, one lasting but a few minutes and the other several hours. I told him of our schools and our great country. The Holy Father is the most affable person, so easy to approach, although he bears the weight of the entire Catholic Church on his shoulders. He is meek and wonderful, an inspiration to the faith.

During my visit to the Holy See, I had the honor of seeing two American dignitaries of the Church made cardinals, Archbishop Hayes of New York, and Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago, both great personal friends of mine. I was the only American bishop present at these ceremonies which for the first time in the history of the Catholic Church, took place in the Basilica of St. Peter. Usually these ceremonies are private.

Although our cathedral is large, although there are many large edifices of worship in this country, there is nothing to compare with St. Peter's in Rome. It seats 50,000 people. There is no city like Rome. It is the greatest in the world, to my mind. It is the very heart of the Catholic Church. Here I visited the church founded by Sts. Peter and Paul a hundred feet under ground, built so they could conduct services without interference from the Cæsars.

From Rome I went to Paris where on Palm Sunday, just three hours ride from the great city, I celebrated mass at Liseus in the Carmelite Convent at the Shrine of St. Theresa. This young woman gave her life to the Church. At the age of 27 she died. From her early girlhood she served God, not attempting to do great things, but doing small and menial tasks assigned to her, well. In this convent I saw four of her sisters; I saw the dress she wore at baptism, the one she wore when she participated in the processions, the one she wore when she received the sacraments, and the one she had when she took her vows to serve God. Hers was a beautiful life and at this shrine I prayed God that He would impress upon our young women of today the opportunities that they have of serving the Church and God.

On Easter Sunday I said Mass at the Shrine of Notre Dame in the city of Paris. I saw but ten days of sunshine on my trip to Europe. It was the coldest winter and spring in thirty years. In France it was absolutely impossible to keep warm. Many of the inhabitants had to go to bed to keep from freezing. How good it feels to be back in Portland, in Maine, among my people and sunshine.

In closing, the Bishop spoke briefly of his visit to Pontalier, the birthplace of Father Rale, the second centenary of whose martyrdom he hoped to observe this coming summer. He again emphasized his great pleasure in being among his people, his anxiety that children should grow in faith and holiness.

Bishop Walsh now conferred the Papal blessing to all present, intoned the Te Deum which was continued by the fourteen hundred children present, thus constituting a fitting close to a busy career in the Episcopate.

Religious Development, Diocese of Portland

1906—1924—Administration of Bishop Walsh

New Parishes

1906—Daigle, Holy Family

1907—Kingman, St. James
Lewiston, St. Mary
Madison, St. Sebastian
(Ashland changed to Eagle Lake)

1908—Sheridan, St. Mark
Milo (changed to Dover, St. Thomas 1910)

1909—Portland, St. Joseph
Kennebunkport, St. Martha

1910—Bar Harbor, Holy Redeemer
Waterville, Notre Dame
Woodland, St. James

1911—South Portland, Holy Cross
South Paris (changed to Norway, St. Catherine 1915)

1912—Greenville, Holy Family
East Millinocket, St. Peter
North Vassalboro, St. Bridget

1913—Lubec, Sacred Heart
Winthrop, St. Francis

1914—Portland, St. Peter
Lisbon Falls, Holy Family

1916—Saco, Most Holy Trinity
Westbrook, St. Mary

1917—Kittery, St. Raphael
(Winterport combined with Belfast, St. Francis)

1919—Limestone, St. Louis

1920—Bingham, St. Peter
Hamlin, St. Joseph
Island Falls, St. Agnes
(Winn changed to Lincoln, St. Mary)

1921—Limerick, St. Matthew

1922—Portland, St. Patrick

1923—Portland, St. Louis
Auburn, Sacred Heart
Keegan, St. Remi
Lewiston, Holy Cross
Lewiston, Holy Family
Sanford, Holy Family

New Schools

Portland	Catholic Institute
	Catholic High for Boys
	Catholic High for Girls
	The King's Academy for Girls
	St. Aloysius for Boys
Augusta	St. Mary's
Bath	St. Mary's
Benedicta	St. Benedict's
Fairfield	Immaculate Heart of Mary
Houlton	St. Mary's
	St. Mary's Academy
Lewiston	St. Mary's
	Holy Cross
	Holy Family
Orono	St. Mary's
Rumford Falls	St. John's

New Religious Houses

South Berwick	St. Michael's
South Brewer	St. Teresa's
Springvale	Notre Dame
Waterville	Notre Dame
Portland	Mother House for Sisters of Mercy
Waterville	Mother House for Ursulines

New Hospitals

Portland ..... Queen's
Waterville ..... Sisters'
Houlton ..... Madigan Memorial
Eagle Lakes .....

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diocese of Portland, Maine.

Jubilee celebrations naturally afford an opportunity of bringing to light just a few of the pleasing incidents witnessed by passing years. As we have recalled just a few of happy memories in connection with the establishment of the diocese of Portland, we feel that another of a similar nature will not be untimely.

When it was our good fortune to be instrumental in the renewal of the Church at Castine, we had the pleasure of meeting another family after the heart of that of Judge Preble of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Wooley and their young family had bought the lot adjoining old Fort Pentegoet whose history antedates the coming of the Pilgrim. With practically a Catholic household, Mr. Wooley, while not of the Faith, yet sensed his obligations toward his faithful employees, and made substantial advances in their behalf. When his hopes had been realized, and the summer of 1921 saw the renewal of the Catholic Church at Castine, Mr. Wooley proved himself a true host. On the occasion of Bishop Walsh's first visit to the newly constructed chapel, Mr. Wooley received the Bishop and his priests as guests for the night and assisted at the Bishop's mass the following morning. Again on the occasion of the dedication, August 28, 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Wooley entertained at luncheon, Bishop Walsh and the accompanying members of his clergy, there being about 25 in all, present.

These are happy incidents that are strewn here and there amid passing years, and while we may perhaps have at hand only a few of the many gracious favors extended to Mother Church in Her passage across time, yet we feel that their remembrance will linger not alone with us, but will even pass to the eternal years.

Deceased Members of Clergy
1907—1927

The Rev. M. J. Healy

June 1, 1861—March 11, 1907

Father Healy was born in Cork, Ireland, June 1, 1861, and was ordained for the African Missions by Bishop Dubois July 25, 1885. He entered the Diocese of Portland Feb. 1, 1889, and was aggregated Feb. 4, 1899. He was for a time assistant at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, afterwards at St. Patrick's, Lewiston. Named pastor of Springvale, owing to ill health he again returned to St. Patrick's, Lewiston, whence after a short time he was transferred to St. Joseph's in the same city and later on to St. Mary's at Orono. March 11, 1907, he was appointed administrator of Yarmouthville where he continued the sacred duties of the ministry until forced by ill health, he entered St. Mary's Hospital, Lewiston, where fortified by the last Sacrament, he died March 22, 1908.

His funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, March 26, 1908, after which he was interred in the Priests' lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lewiston.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas H. Wallace, P.R.

December 4, 1846—November 1, 1907

Monsignor Wallace was born at Somersworth, N. H., Dec. 4, 1846. He was educated at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and completed his course for Holy Orders at Grand Seminary, Montreal, being ordained at Portland in the Cathedral Chapel by Bishop Bacon, August 5, 1871. He first served as assistant at Waterville to the Rev. D. J. Halde, then as one of the assistants at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, Maine. In the summer of 1876, he was transferred to Lewiston to take the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, his first recorded act in this parish being the baptism of Mary Sheehan, daughter of Patrick Sheehan and Mary Bradley, his wife.

Upon the division of the English speaking people of Lewiston in 1894, Father Wallace remained in charge of St. Patrick's Church which he had built while still Rector of St. Joseph's Church. During many years, Monsignor Wallace was a member of the Diocesan Board of Consultors, being therefore a trusted adviser of Bishops Healy, O'Connell, and Walsh.

February 22, 1905, he received from His Holiness the title of Honorary Chamberlain with the appelation of Very Rev. Monsignor. Following a long and severe illness of four months, his death took place at St. Patrick's Rectory, Lewiston, November 1, 1907. His funeral services were held in St. Patrick's November 5, 1907, his burial at Mount Hope cemetery the same day. Some years later his remains were transferred to a special mortuary chapel in St. Patrick's Church, where they now repose.

The Rev. Celestin Florian Marsan

April 19, 1860—December 13, 1907

Born at Quebec, Father Marsan in early youth entered the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

He was ordained a priest of that Society, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Duhamill, June 29, 1884.

After several years service with the Oblates, he was granted permission by the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, to withdraw from this Society, after which he entered the Diocese of Portland, Dec. 24, 1891. He served as assistant at St. Dominic's, Portland, for two years, and was then appointed in the early summer of 1893, Rector of North Lyndon and Caribou.

December 24, 1895, Father Marsan was aggregated to the Diocese of Portland.

When the mission of Caribou was erected into a parish, he continued as rector at North Lyndon until his death. Following a long and severe sickness, fortified with the last Sacraments of the Church, Father Marsan died at North Lyndon, December 13, 1907. His funeral took place from Sacred Heart Church, North Lyndon, Dec. 18, 1907, his remains being conveyed to Quebec for burial.

The Rev. Charles Sweron

November 4, 1828—March 19, 1908

Father Sweron was a native of Belgium, his birth taking place at Weert, November 4, 1828. His theological training was received at the College of the Propaganda, Rome, where he was ordained by Bishop Grandolph, Feb. 7, 1858, for the Diocese of St. John, N. B., which at that date had charge of all the settlements on both sides of the St. John River. In 1870, when the missions of Madawaska on the south side of the River St. John were incorporated in the Diocese of Portland, Father Sweron automatically passed from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of St. John to that of the Bishop of Portland. For several years his parish covered a vast territory where in process of time he built churches at various points which were later on formed into separate parishes.

At the time of his death, March 19, 1908, Father Sweron was the oldest priest in the Diocese of Portland and had seen a service of half a century spent in most arduous work of the sacred ministry in northern Maine.

His funeral took place from his parish church at Frenchville, Maine, March 23, 1908. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonough, V.G.P.R., P.A., the eulogy being pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland. His remains were laid to rest in the parish cemetery at Frenchville, his grave being blessed by his life-long friend, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dugal, V.G., Pastor of St. Basil's Church at St. Basil.

The Rt. Rev. Edward McSweeny, P.R.

June, 1838—July 18, 1908

Monsignor McSweeny was born at Kilconenage parish, in Diocese of Kerry, Ireland, June, 1838. While still very young his parents emigrated to the United States where they settled at Manchester, New Hampshire. On the completion of his education in the public schools of that city, he entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., graduating

from this institution of learning in June, 1865. After five years at Troy Seminary, the young seminarian was ordained priest June 11, 1870, beginning his priestly duties at once as an assistant at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Maine. Two years afterwards, he was appointed rector of St. Bernard's Church, Rockland, Maine, whence he was transferred in May, 1874, to the Rectorate of St. John's Church, Bangor, where he remained until his death.

During his long pastorate at St. John's, Father McSweeny's devotion to his people won a place in their hearts that has never been filled. Never a well man, he practically passed all the years of his priestly career in the midst of a most devoted Catholic population, hardly ever taking legitimate recreations. He was closely associated with both Bishops Healy and Walsh as a member of their Diocesan Council and was justly noted for his public as well as Diocesan spirit.

January 8, 1908, he was named Permanent Rector of St. John's to be advanced two days later to the dignity of a Domestic Prelate to His Holiness. Both of these honors were well merited and were considered by Father McSweeny as belonging to the parish more than to himself. In any case while they came late, they perhaps brought not a little solace to the last days of a worthy priest who lived but a few fleeting months in their enjoyment.

After a severe sickness, bravely and patiently borne, fortified by the last Sacraments, Monsignor McSweeny departed this life, the evening of July 18, 1908. His funeral obsequies which were largely attended, took place from St. John's Church at 10 A.M., July 22, 1908. Solemn Pontifical of Requiem was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Portland, his eulogy being delivered by the Rev. Thomas F. Butler, P.R., St. Joseph's Church, Lewiston, Maine. Following the close of services, Father McSweeny's remains were taken for interment to the beautiful Mount Pleasant Cemetery, largely his own creation, where they were placed in a select spot believed to have been held in reserve for this purpose by the beloved pastor of St. John's.

The Rev. P. A. Jouvin

July 17, 1861—March 18, 1910

Father Jouvin was born at St. Luce, P. Q., July 17, 1861. September 2, 1889, he was ordained priest and entered the Diocese of Portland, at the beginning of the year 1892. After serving as assistant at St. Joseph's, Biddeford, he was appointed pastor of St. Charles' Parish, St. Francis Plantation, Aroostook, to be transferred a few weeks later to the Pastorate of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Fairfield. In July, 1909, he was appointed Rector of Notre Dame de Lourdes Parish, Skowhegan. After an anxious pastorate of only a few months, he was stricken suddenly while celebrating mass Sunday, March 13, 1910. He was carried to the rectory and medical aid summoned. Duly fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, he lingered on until Friday, March 18th, a great but patient sufferer until he breathed his last.

His funeral took place from his parish church, March 21st. His service was largely attended by his former parishioners from Fairfield, who thus paid a touching tribute to their former pastor. As many as possible of the Diocesan clergy were present,—the eulogy and final absolution being given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh. Immediately after services, his remains were taken for interment to his natal parish at St. Luce, P. Q.

The Rev. Charles W. Doherty

April 15, 1847—June 22, 1910

Father Doherty was born in St. John, N. B., April 15, 1847. His ordination to the priesthood took place in the old Cathedral at Baltimore, Dec. 22, 1877, where he received this sacred office at the hand of the late Cardinal Gibbons. His first assignment was to the position of assistant at the Cathedral in Portland, afterwards in June, 1880, he was appointed Pro-Rector of St. Dominic's, Portland, where he remained until July, 1886, when he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's parish at Augusta.

Father Doherty remained at Augusta until July 29, 1908, when, owing to ill health, he found it necessary to retire from active work, to a sanatorium at Greylock Rest, Adams, Mass., where he remained until his death, June 22, 1910. Following his death, his remains were brought to Augusta for burial. His funeral took place from St. Mary's, Augusta, June 25, 1910; his interment in St. Mary's Cemetery at Augusta. Of gentle mould, of a retiring disposition, Father Doherty's entire priestly life was spent in Portland and Augusta. In no way aggressive, never robust in health, like a quiet stream, his life gradually ebbed away.

The Rev. John P. Manning

August 31, 1856—May 9, 1910

A native of Rhode Island, Father Manning was born at Crompton, in that state, August 31, 1856. His ordination to priesthood took place October 28, 1881, his entrance to the Diocese of Portland, October 8, 1892.

After serving for a few years as assistant at the Cathedral, Portland, Maine, he was appointed Rector of St. Dennis' Parish at Fort Fairfield. January 23, 1908, he was transferred from St. Dennis' Church, Fort Fairfield, to St. Mary's, Houlton, where he remained in charge until his death May 9, 1910. Following funeral services in his parish church, his remains were laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery at Houlton.

The Rev. Peter Eugene Bradley

March 12, 1859—August 29, 1911

Father Bradley was born in Portland, Maine, March 12, 1859. His early school training was received in the schools of his native city, whence on his manifesting a desire to study for the church, he was sent to Montreal College for his classical course. After a stay of six years in the college he passed to the Grand Seminary where his entire course in Philosophy and Theology was completed under the fostering hand of the Sulpician Fathers, thus making a preparatory course of 12 years for the priesthood under the

guidance of the Fathers of St. Sulpice. His ordination took place at the hand of Bishop Healy in the Cathedral at Portland, November 2, 1884, his first assignment being as assistant to the Rev. Father Wallace at St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston. Following his years of service at Lewiston, he served as administrator of St. Bernard's Parish at Rockland, then was appointed first resident Pastor at Hallowell and Chaplain to the United States Soldiers' Home at Togus. On the close of his service at Hallowell he labored for a time at Dexter, then just recently made a parish, going from there with Bishop Healy on a trip to California *via* Panama. On his return he was named pastor of Lisbon and Lisbon Falls. For fifteen years, Father Bradley labored with great fidelity and zeal for the upbuilding of the faith in the two little towns placed under his care. During this busy period he succeeded in building and nearly paying for two churches, one in each of the places under his pastoral care, constantly enjoying the hearty co-operation of his people, in this great work.

November 7, 1910, he was named a member of the Diocesan Board of Consultors, thus being brought in close association with his Bishop in the government of the diocese. For many years subject to attacks of heart disease which finally proved fatal, his death occurring Tuesday, August 29, 1911. His funeral took place from Lisbon, Sept. 1, 1911, his burial in Calvary Cemetery, Portland, Maine.

The Rev. Peter Moses Denoncourt

February 26, 1849—September 28, 1911

Father Denoncourt was born at St. Gregory, P. Q., February 26, 1849. He was ordained priest for the Diocese of Three Rivers by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lafleche, September 19, 1880. Five years later in the month of May he entered the Diocese of Portland where he was assigned to a Curacy at St. Joseph's parish, Biddeford. On the termination of his duties as assistant to the Rev. P. E. Dupont at St. Joseph's, Biddeford, Father Denoncourt was appointed pastor of St. Charles' parish, St. Francis Plantation, where he remained until 1908 when he was transferred to the pastor-

ate of the Sacred Heart Church at North Lyndon as successor to the Rev. C. F. Marsan, recently deceased. Following a short illness which was more severe in reality than in appearances, death came to his relief September 28, 1911. Father Denoncourt's funeral services and burial took place at North Lyndon, October 2, 1911.

The Rev. Richard W. Phelan

March 13, 1855—August 16, 1913

Father Phelan was born in Waterford, Ireland, March 13, 1855. June 6, 1879, he was ordained by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin for the Diocese of Brisbane, Australia. In September, 1881, he entered the Diocese of Portland, Maine. Receiving his exeat from the Diocese of Brisbane, together with the necessary sanction of the Propaganda, he was formally aggregated to this diocese, in February, 1888.

His first appointment was to a Curacy at St. Anne's, Manchester, as assistant to the Rev. Father McDonald, the first Catholic pastor to reside in that city. From Manchester, he was sent to take the pastorate of St. Gabriel's at Winterport, recently vacated by the transfer of Father John Duddy to Old Town, Maine. After a few years at Winterport which then included the care of the Catholic people at Bucksport, Frankfort, Searsport and Belfast, Father Phelan was changed to Rockland to take the pastorate of St. Bernard's left vacant by the retirement of the Rev. James Peterson.

After a service of many years at Rockland, Father Phelan was again changed to Bath, Maine, there to succeed in the pastorate of St. Mary's, the Rev. M. C. McDonough, recently appointed Permanent Rector of St. Mary's, Bangor.

Fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church, Father Phelan died at Bath, August 16, 1913. His funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Bath, August 19, 1913, the high mass of requiem being celebrated by the Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, V.G., and the eulogy delivered by his life-long friend, the late Thomas F. Butler, Permanent Rector of St. Joseph's, Lewiston. Following funeral services, Father Phelan's remains were interred in St. Mary's Cemetery at Bath, Maine.

The Rev. Herman H. Hamakers

Father Hamakers was a native of Holland. His first appointment in the Diocese of Portland was to the Curacy at Old Town with the Rev. F. X. Trudel. From Old Town he went to Orono as first pastor of St. Mary's Church in that town. After a short stay in Orono, he was transferred to Skowhegan. Shortly afterwards on leave of absence, he returned to his native country for a considerable stay. On his return to the Diocese of Portland, he was located for a time in Cherryfield, then at South Brewer. Leaving South Brewer after a pastorate of about five years, he went to Belfast where he remained five years. Wishing to visit his native land, he resigned his pastorate at Belfast and remained abroad about a year. On his return, he was for a time Chaplain for the Sisters of Mercy at Deering which was followed by his appointment to Lisbon, where he died July 9, 1915. His funeral took place at Lisbon, Monday, July 12, at 10.30 A.M., his burial in Calvary Cemetery, Portland, the same day.

The Rev. Pierre E. Dupont

Father Dupont's death, Friday, December 10, 1915, brought to a close a long pastorate at St. Joseph's, Biddeford. One of the older members of the Diocesan Clergy, pastor of a large parish, he saw in the fullness of years the passing of many cares ere he passed to his reward.

The Rev. John P. Nelligan

Father Nelligan at the time of his death, August 17, 1916, was Chaplain of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus where he had spent the last five years of his life. Ordained June 24, 1886, he served in turn as assistant at St. Mary's in Augusta, at the Immaculate Conception Church at Calais and at Old Town, going to Hallowell as Pastor of the Catholic Church in that city, in September, 1891. Following his obsequies at St. Mary's in Augusta, Saturday, August 20, his remains were taken to Bangor for burial. After final services at St. John's in Bangor, Monday morn-

ing, his interment took place in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Bangor.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis X. Trudel

November 6, 1843—January 16, 1917

Father Trudel, born at Ste. Genevieve, P. Q., was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, by Bishop Bacon, August 29, 1871. His first appointment was to St. Luce, Frenchville, Aroostook County, as assistant to the Rev. Charles Sweron. He afterwards served as assistant at St. Joseph's, Biddeford, before going to Old Town as pastor in 1879, where he remained until his death, January 16, 1917. His funeral and burial took place at Old Town.

The Rev. Edward F. Lynch

April 12, 1884—February 16, 1917

Father Lynch was born in South Berwick, Maine, April 12, 1884. His ordination took place at Portland, December 17, 1910. His first appointment was to the Curacy of St. Mary's, Bangor, in which, outside of a short stay in Portland at the Cathedral and the Sacred Heart Churches, the young priest remained in the most faithful performance of his duties.

May 6, 1916, he was appointed Rector of St. Bridget's Church at North Vassalboro with charge of St. Agnes' Church at Pittsfield. Father Lynch remained at St. Bridget's until the end of December, 1916, when he entered Carney Hospital at Boston for medical treatment. He survived a serious operation but a few days,—for even though the work had seemingly been successful and he was on the way to recovery, a change for the worse set in, which hastened the end of an excellent young priest February 16, 1917. His funeral and burial services took place in his home parish at South Berwick.

The Rev. George A. Joncas

August 28, 1889—June 26, 1917

Father Joncas was born at Kingsley Falls, P. Q., August

28, 1889. He was ordained at Baltimore March 8, 1913. He served as assistant at St. Augustine's Church at Augusta, at St. Louis Church at Fort Kent, at St. Hyacinth's at Westbrook, at St. Agatha's Church, St. Agatha, Maine, and finally at St. Ignatius' at Sanford, where he was accidentally drowned June 26, 1917.

The Rev. Thomas F. Butler

August 15, 1846—November 18, 1917

Father Butler was born in the little town of Galbally, County of Tipperary, Ireland, August 15, 1846. Coming to America at an early age with his parents, the family settled in Boston where the future priest attended school until his entrance to Holy Cross College, prior to which he had for a short time engaged in business. Following his graduation at Holy Cross he was adopted for the Diocese of Portland and sent to Paris to complete his preparation for priesthood at St. Sulpice.

He was ordained in Paris, May 22, 1880, and was, on his return, appointed assistant at the Cathedral in Portland, then at St. Dominic's, in both of which places he did not remain long, for on May 14, 1881, he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Ellsworth. During his stay at Ellsworth, he had charge of Bar Harbor, or rather, we might say all of Mount Desert, Sorrento, Winter Harbor and Cherryfield. In the midst of a long settled country, the priest at Ellsworth in Father Butler's day was often called on to attend many distant families living in the surrounding towns where they or their ancestors had long been settled.

November 4, 1894, Father Butler was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Lewiston, where he remained until his death Sunday, November 18, 1917. His funeral services took place from St. Joseph's Church, Lewiston, Wednesday, November 21, his burial in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lewiston. Following a well delivered eulogy by the Rev. Dennis J. O'Brien, Bishop Walsh spoke at length of Father Butler as he had known him so many years past,

bringing out many facts and talents which perhaps Father Butler in his humility never let the world know.

The Rev. Eugene L. J. Rouseau

December 12, 1871—December 13, 1917

Father Rouseau was born at Landivry, Mayenne, France, December 12, 1871. He was ordained priest July 26, 1896, and came to the Diocese of Portland, February 28, 1904. During the years of his labors in the Diocese, Father Rouseau served as assistant in St. John's Church, Rumford, and later at St. Mary's, where he died December 13, 1917.

The Rev. Nicholas Canuel

October 4, 1859—August 29, 1918

Father Canuel was born at Rimouski, P. Q., October 4, 1859, and was ordained for that diocese February 27, 1887. He entered the Diocese of Portland, May 11, 1888, where he served as assistant at Brunswick, Westbrook and Biddeford. He filled successively the pastorates at St. Francis and Wallagrass, Aroostook County. October 12, he was appointed Chaplain at the convent at St. Agatha, where he remained until his death, August 29, 1918.

The Rev. Alfred Pelletier

December 10, 1874—September 7, 1918

Father Pelletier was born at Isle Verte, Canada, December 10, 1874, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, June 24, 1807. He served as assistant at Sanford, and later as Rector at Sheridan and Caribou. October 12, 1916, he was appointed Rector of St. David's Church at St. David, where he remained until his death. His funeral took place from St. Peter's Church, Lewiston, Tuesday, September 10, 1918.

The Rev. Joseph Marcou

December 9, 1850—October 30, 1918

Father Marcou was born at St. Bridget, P. Q., December 9, 1850, and was ordained October 11, 1874. He labored for

several years in the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe and in missionary work in Manitoba. August 16, 1890, he came to the Diocese of Portland. He was appointed to the parish of St. Joseph at Wallagrass where he remained until transferred to the pastorate of St. Mary's Church, Eagle Lake. October 1, 1918, he returned to his old or former parish at Wallagrass, where he died October 30, 1918.

The Rev. John B. Sekenger

September 25, 1859—February 6, 1919

Father Sekenger was born in Bangor, Maine, Sept. 25, 1859, and was ordained December 20, 1884. His first appointment was to St. Francis de Sales, Waterville, going later to the Cathedral at Portland. His first pastorate was at St. Michael's Church, South Berwick, whence he was transferred to St. John's Church, Brunswick, where he remained for seventeen years. In 1911, he was given the task of forming a new parish in South Portland, where he remained as Rector of the Holy Cross Parish until June, 1914, when ill health obliged him to give up active work. Retiring to his home in Bangor, for his remaining years, Father Sekenger assisted, whenever able, at St. John's Church, after which his remains were interred in the Sekenger family lot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Bangor.

The Rev. Michael J. O'Keefe

February 2, 1887—February 11, 1919

Father O'Keefe was born at Mitchelstown, County Cork, Ireland, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, June 6, 1914. He served as assistant for a time at the Cathedral in Portland. In November, 1915, he was transferred to St. Mary's, Houlton. After a few months in this parish, Father O'Keefe's health failing, he gave up work June, 1916. He died at his home in Jamaica Plain, February 11, 1919, his funeral taking place from St. Thomas Church Feb. 13, 1919.

The Rev. Patrick J. Garrity, P.R.

March 17, 1853—Feb. 23, 1919

Father Garrity was born at St. Catherine's, Ontario, Canada, March 17, 1853, and was ordained June 24, 1886. His first years in the priesthood were spent as assistant at St. John's in Bangor; later on he was given charge of the Catholic people along the Canadian Pacific then in course of construction across Maine, with headquarters about Greenville. With the exception of Winn, there were no resident priests in this entire section of our State where today there are about ten in service. On the completion of this work, Father Garrity was appointed to the parish of Winterport which at this time comprised the village of Winterport and the missions of Bucksport, Frankfort, Searsport and Belfast, his appointment to this district being given in June, 1888. For twenty years, he remained in constant service on these missions, building during that time a church at Bucksport and another at Belfast. October 1, 1908, his years of faithful work were rewarded by his promotion to the Permanent Rectorate of St. John's, Bangor, recently made vacant by the death of its occupant, the Rev. Edward McSweeny.

During Father Garrity's pastorate at Bangor, the large school on State Street was built, which, together with many other necessary improvements, greatly improved the school facilities of his parish.

His death, which was sudden and unexpected, took place Sunday morning, February 23, 1919. Three days later on the 26th of the same month, his funeral services were held in St. John's, following which his remains were taken to Portland for burial, in Calvary Cemetery.

The Rev. Louis Bergeron

April 9, 1859—May 21, 1919

Father Bergeron was born at Three Rivers, P. Q., April 9, 1859, his ordination taking place at Three Rivers, June 22, 1884. October 12, 1887, he entered the Diocese of Portland, where he was assigned the duty of assisting the Rev. P. E. Dupont at St. Joseph's Church in that city. In Janu-

ary, 1890, he was appointed first resident pastor at Fairfield, Maine, where he constructed the present church edifice shortly following his assignment. In November, 1899, he was given the task of founding the new parish of St. Andrew at Biddeford. He was again called on to build an entire parish plant and to undergo all the fatigue incumbent on such a work. Undaunted, Father Bergeron continued the upbuilding of the now flourishing parish of St. Andrew until his death, which took place following a long and severe illness, May 21, 1919. His funeral services were held in St. Andrew's Church, Saturday, May 24, 1919.

The Rev. J. Barry

December 7, 1866—October 13, 1919

Father Barry was born in Blackstone, Mass., December 7, 1866, and was ordained for the Diocese of Springfield, Mass., at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, P. Q., December 17, 1892. He came to the Diocese of Portland, in 1896, serving as assistant at the Cathedral, at St. Mary's, Biddeford, and at St. Mary's, Augusta, until appointed Rector of St. Athanasius' Church, Rumford, Maine, September 11, 1905. Father Barry's death was sudden and occurred at a time when the priests of the Diocese were on their annual retreat. His funeral took place at his church in Rumford, Wednesday, October 15, following which his remains were taken to his home in Blackstone, Mass., for burial. His month's mind, which took place at Rumford, Monday, November 13, gave his brother priests of the Diocese an opportunity of showing their respect for the departed, all that could possibly do so being present on this occasion.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Arthur A. Hamel, P.R.

March 1, 1853—November 1, 1919

Monsignor Hamel, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Biddeford, Maine, died Saturday morning, November 1, 1919. He was born at Three Rivers, P. Q., March 1, 1853, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, June 29, 1884, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Healy in his Cathedral at

Portland. The young priest's first assignment was as assistant at St. Joseph's in Biddeford where he remained until his appointment in June, 1888, to the Rectorate of St. Dennis' Church at Fort Fairfield, Maine. In November of 1889, he was changed to Augusta to take charge of St. Augustin's Church, then in process of construction. In July, 1907, he was asked to take in hand the foundation of the new parish of St. Mary's in Lewiston, a work which he carried on so skilfully that in a very short period he had brought into existence a well organized parish.

In June, 1911, he was appointed Permanent Rector of St. Hyacinth's Church at Westbrook. As a reward for faithful and disinterested work, he was on May 7, 1914, made a Domestic Prelate by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV. On the death of Father Dupont at Biddeford, Mgr. Hamel was appointed to the larger and more important parish of St. Joseph's in that city, January 1, 1916, where he remained until his death, Saturday morning, November 1, 1919. Mgr. Hamel's funeral took place from St. Joseph's, Biddeford, Tuesday morning, November 4, 1919; his burial immediately following the mass, was in the Parish Cemetery.

The Rev. John O'Dowd

June 29, 1849—November 20, 1919

Father O'Dowd was a native of the Emerald Isle where he was born June 29, 1849, his ordination for the Diocese of Portland taking place, December 21, 1879. His first appointment was to the distant parish of Frenchville, St. Luce's, Aroostook, where he was assistant to the Rev. Charles Sweron. Following his faithful and satisfactory services at St. Luce's, he was assigned to the Cathedral at Portland where he remained for two years, until appointed Rector of St. Joseph's, Eastport. In 1896, he was selected by Bishop Healy to rule the destinies of the new parish of the Sacred Heart in Portland, where he labored with great fidelity until his death, Thursday morning, November 20, 1919. His funeral which took place Nov. 24, 1919, was followed by burial at Calvary Cemetery, Portland.

The Rev. Edward B. Henry

September 29, 1878—December 9, 1919

Father Henry was born in St. Louis, Mo., September 29, 1878, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, November 1, 1902. As assistant, Father Henry served at St. John's Church, Bangor, at the Cathedral in Portland, at St. Patrick's in Lewiston, and finally at Sacred Heart in Portland. September 20, 1910, he was appointed Rector of St. Denis' Church, North Whitefield, where he remained until changed to Winthrop, Maine, to take charge of St. Francis' Church, June 20, 1913. When the World War involved the United States, Father Henry volunteered and was appointed Chaplain with the rank of Lieutenant at the Kittery Navy Yard, which position he held at the time of his death. Father Henry's funeral took place from St. Ignatius' Church, New York, December 11, 1919.

Mgr. Charles W. Collins

Dec. 30, 1920

Mgr. Charles W. Collins, for many years in the Portland, Me., Roman Catholic Diocese, but for the past few years living in Boston, where he had been associated with *The Pilot,* was buried this morning from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. Cardinal O'Connell, to whom Mgr. Collins acted as secretary when the former was Bishop of Portland, pronounced the final absolution.

The celebrant of the requiem mass was Rev. Neil A. Cronin, with Rev. George A. O'Connor as deacon and Rev. John W. Culhane as sub-deacon. Rev. William A. Dacey was master of ceremonies. The cardinal was attended by his chaplains, Mgr. M. J. Splaine, D.D., and Mgr. Edward F. Hurley. Rev. Mark C. Driscoll, D.D., of the *Pilot,* pronounced the eulogy and referred to Mgr. Collins as a faithful servant in God's vineyard; one whose deeds of kindness, encouragement of the aged and spiritual guidance in the confessional were the milestones of charity and sacrifice that embellish the records of a truly noble career.

"A gifted writer, his supremacy lay not so much in mastery of language as in brilliancy of intellect which for analytical power was well-nigh unsurpassed in his day and generation," said Dr. Driscoll. His was not for long the privilege of addressing great congregations but his was the greater privilege of sending forth weekly to a quarter of a million souls the spiritual message that strengthens the Christian virtues. Strong in the defence of Christian truth, unswerving in his championship of righteousness and ardent in his charity, he could not but have enriched God's Kingdom by bringing thirsting and erring souls to the fountain head of all goodness."

The burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Rev. Ernest Etenaud

March 13, 1836—March 26, 1921

Father Etenaud was born March 13, 1836, and was ordained May 25, 1861. He came to the Diocese of Portland in 1889, serving as Pastor first at St. Agatha, then at St. David. In 1907, he resigned as Pastor of St. David and retired to St. Agatha, where he often officiated at the Convent of the Daughters of Wisdom and at the parish church.

Father Etenaud was a native of St. Martin (Ile de Re), France. Coming to the Diocese late in life, he remained on duty almost constantly until his death, which took place at St. Agatha, March 28, 1921. His funeral services were held at St. Agatha, his first parish and the scene of his last days, now his last resting place.

The Rev. Henry Gory

July 26, 1921

Father Gory, formerly pastor of St. Louis' Church, Auburn, died at his home, Longeac, Haute Loire, France, July 26, 1921, and was buried in his native land. He came to the Diocese of Portland, in 1892, his first assignment being to assist Father Charland at St. Francis de Sales in Waterville, whence, after a short stay, he was made Rector

of St. David's, Madawaska. A few years later, he was transferred to the more important parish of St. Agatha, where he remained until asked by Bishop Walsh to take charge of the formation of the new parish of Notre Dame at Waterville. On the completion of this work at Waterville, Father Gory was given charge of St. Louis' Church in New Auburn where he remained until his return to France. At first his stay in France was supposed to be temporary, but feeling that his condition did not justify his return, the Bishop readily permitted him to remain in his native land.

The Rev. Louis Nonorgues

May 8, 1872—October 25, 1921

Father Nonorgues was born at Plelan-le Grand, France, May 8, 1872,—his ordination taking place at Paris September 21, 1895. He came to the Diocese of Portland, in July, 1912, where he served as assistant at St. Joseph's, Biddeford, and at St. Francis de Sales, Waterville. September 28, 1918, he was affiliated to the Diocese of Portland, after which he was given his first charge as Rector of St. Mary's Church at Eagle Lake, where he remained until his death, October 25, 1921. His funeral and burial took place at Eagle Lake, October 28, 1921.

The Rev. Henry J. McGill

August 3, 1853—January 6, 1922

Father McGill was born at Queenstown, Ireland, August 3, 1853, and was ordained February 17, 1878. In August, 1881, he came to the Diocese of Portland, where he served as assistant for a time at Biddeford and was then appointed Rector of St. Anne's Church at Lisbon, where he remained for about twenty-five years. In 1902, he was appointed Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Caribou, remaining until 1910. His last services in the Diocese was at South Berwick as assistant to the Rev. D. J. O'Brien. Owing to ill health, Father McGill retired, living mostly at St. John, N. B., where he died January 9, 1922, his funeral and burial taking place in St. John, Jan. 9, 1922.

The Rev. Timothy P. Linehan, P.R.

April 5, 1847—February 26, 1922

Father Linehan was born in Macroom, County Cork, Ireland, April 5, 1847. Coming to America early in life, his family settled at Penacook, N. H., where the greater part of his early education was received. His preparatory studies for the priesthood were made at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., where he left an honorable record. Finishing at St. Charles, he entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal where he was ordained for the Diocese of Portland, December 21, 1878. Serving first as assistant at the Cathedral, then as Diocesan Chancellor, finally taking over the Rectorship on the departure of Father Bradley for Manchester, N. H., Father Linehan remained from 1881 until May 17, 1890, when he was appointed Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford, a position which he held until his death, Sunday morning, February 26, 1922. His funeral, which took place Thursday morning, March 2d, was followed by his burial in St. Mary's Cemetery, Biddeford.

The Rev. Joseph J. Ahern

July 27, 1859—March 20, 1922

Father Ahern was born in Portland, Maine, July 27, 1859, and was ordained in Paris, June 27, 1893. His first appointment was that of assistant at St. Patrick's, Lewiston, whence after a stay of about five years, he served in the same capacity at Ellsworth. For a time he was in charge of St. Denis' Church at North Whitefield, from which he was in May, 1896, transferred to Eastport as pastor of St. Joseph's Church in that city. While at Eastport, Father Ahern had charge of St. Anne's Mission among the Indians at Pleasant Point. Following a few months of ill health, Father Ahern died at Portland, Monday, March 20, 1922. His obsequies took place from the Cathedral, Thursday morning, March 23d; his interment in Calvary Cemetery, Portland.

The Rev. Joseph Drolet

January 17, 1872—July 9, 1922

Father Drolet was a native of St. Sauveur, Quebec, where he was born, January 11, 1872; his ordination taking place June 17, 1896; his coming to the Diocese of Portland in Portland in November, 1899. He served as assistant at St. Augustine's Church, Augusta, at St. John the Baptist at Brunswick, and finally at St. Joseph's, Biddeford. For short periods he was Rector of small parishes at Ashland, Daigle and South Paris. In February, 1916, he was appointed Rector of Notre Dame at Waterville, where he remained until his death, Sunday, July 9, 1922.

Father Drolet's funeral was held at Notre Dame Church, Waterville, Wednesday, July 12, 1922, after which his remains were taken to Quebec for burial.

The Rev. Robert F. Lee

January 7, 1852—July 9, 1922

Father Lee was born in Boston, January 7, 1852, his ordination for the Diocese of Portland taking place June 25, 1876. During his years in the diocese, Father Lee served at the Cathedral, at St. Dominic's and Sacred Heart, Portland, at St. John the Baptist, Brunswick. For a short time he acted as Rector of St. Joseph's, Eastport; also in the same capacity at Farmington. His closing years were spent in the Working Boy Service under the famed Father Dempsey at St. Louis, Mo., where he died in the City Hospital, July 9, 1922, his burial following his funeral service by Father Dempsey, being in the local cemetery at St. Louis. Having a very special gift for the care of Men, Father Lee had many very successful years as Director of the Holy Name Society at St. Dominic's, Portland, and finally in the Working Boys' Home in St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. Francis Morcel, S.M.

Father Morcel died at Brunswick, Maine, Thursday, June 22, 1922,—his obsequies taking place from St. John the Baptist Church, Brunswick, Monday, June 26, 1922; his burial at Van Buren.

Father Morcel spent several years on the missions at Van Buren, both as assistant and pastor. Born in France, he spent thirty-six years in the U. S. as a missionary priest, dying at the age of seventy-eight years and two months.

The Rev. James A. Farley

October 1, 1875—January 19, 1923

Father Farley was born in Lowell, Mass., October 1, 1875, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland in June, 1903. He served as assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Lewiston, and at St. Bernard's Church, Rockland. In 1913, he was appointed Rector of St. James's Church, Kingman; in 1918 he was transferred to Sacred Heart Church at Lubec, he being first resident priest in this town. February 16, 1919, he was appointed Rector of St. Sebastian's Church, Madison, where he remained until his death, January 19, 1923. His obsequies took place from St. Sebastian's Church, Madison, Tuesday, January 23d, and were followed by burial at Old Point Cemetery, Madison, Maine.

The Rev. Narcisse Charland

August 10, 1848—January 19, 1923

Father Charland was born at Richmond, P. Q., August 10, 1848, being ordained for the Diocese of Portland, Maine, December 19, 1875. He was first appointed assistant to the Rev. Peter Havé at St. Peter's Church, Lewiston, where he remained but a few months, going to his first pastorate at Gorham, N. H. From Gorham he was sent to Old Town, Maine, where he spent but a few months, going in August to Waterville as Rector of St. Francis de Sales where he remained until his death, January 19, 1923. When Father Charland came to Waterville, he had charge of Fairfield, North Vassalboro, and Oakland, the Catholic population of Waterville at this time being upwards of 2500 souls, so that he was obliged to depend on assistance not always present to do what little he could for his distant missions.

His funeral services were held at Francis de Sales Church, Waterville, Wednesday, January 24, 1923, follow-

ing which, his remains were laid in the Charland family lot in the beautiful Catholic Cemetery at Waterville.

The Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy

September 6, 1844—August 14, 1923

Father McCarthy was born in County Kerry, Ireland, at Kenmere, September 6, 1844, and was ordained for the Diocese of Portland by Bishop Healy, August 15, 1876, his being the first ordination performed by the Second Bishop of Portland.

In Father McCarthy's early days, short curacies were the usual lot for a young priest, so that after a short time under the guidance of the Rev. Fr. McDonald, at St. Anne's, Manchester, N. H., he was sent to take charge of the missions at Winterport, Bucksport, Frankfort, Searsport and Belfast, he being the first resident pastor at Winterport. After about two years at Winterport he was sent to Gardiner where he remained for about twenty years. During the first years of his stay at Gardiner, he had charge of the missions at Winthrop, Readfield, Richmond, and the Soldiers' Home at Togus. In October, 1900, he was transferred to Houlton to take charge of St. Mary's Parish, together with a small mission at Amity Plantation.

In January, 1808, he was appointed Permanent Rector of St. Mary's Church, Bangor, where amid scenes filled with memories of friends of his youthful days, he spent the closing years of an active life. In the spring of 1923, Father McCarthy chanced a last visit to his native land from which he returned greatly disappointed, finding Ireland no longer the land of his youthful dreams. Advanced years and approaching dissolution doubtlessly contributed largely to the failure of what he fondly hoped would restore his declining health.

Hoping to find relief at the surgeon's hand, he died at the Queen's Hospital, Portland, Maine, Tuesday, August 14, 1923. His remains were taken to St. Mary's, Bangor, for funeral services, Friday, August 17, and then to Portsmouth, N. H., for burial in his family lot.

The Rev. Francois X. Burque

April 20, 1851—October 24, 1923

Father Burque, retired pastor of the Catholic parish of Fort Kent, Me., was born at St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., April 20, 1851, being ordained for that Diocese October 25, 1874. Coming to the Diocese of Portland shortly afterwards, he was appointed pastor of St. Louis Church, Fort Kent, August 25, 1882, remaining until his retirement August 26, 1904. Notice of decease of Father Burque was the last obituary which appeared over the signature of Bishop Walsh.

The Rev. Joseph N. Desilets

January 23, 1864—March 26, 1924

Father Desilets was born at St. Maurice, P. Q., January 23, 1864. Following his Seminary studies, at Three Rivers, he was ordained by Bishop Lafleche, June 16, 1889. Teaching for a time in the Seminary at Three Rivers, Father Desilets came to the United States, going on duty as assistant in St. John the Baptist's Church, Lynn, Mass., after which he came to the Diocese of Portland in 1895. For two years he served as assistant at Waterville, to the Rev. N. Charland, or until 1897 when he was appointed Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Farmington, and St. Francis Xavier's Church at Winthrop. In 1900, he was transferred to Chisholm when he became Rector of St. Rose of Lima Church with missions at Reily and North Jay. In 1911, he became Rector of St. Mary's Church, Lewiston, where he remained until his death, at the end of a long and trying illness, March 22, 1924. His obsequies were held at St. Mary's Church, Lewiston, Wednesday, January 23, 1924, after which his remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Lewiston.

The Rev. Denis J. O'Brien

November 2, 1867—April 25, 1924

Father O'Brien was born in Lewiston, November 2, 1867, the son of Maurice and Mary Hagerty O'Brien. His early

years were passed in attendance at the Catholic and Public schools of his native city, going thence in 1886 to Boston College, where he remained until 1889, when he entered Holy Cross College at Worcester, Mass. On his graduation with honors from Holy Cross in 1890, the young student was sent by Bishop Healy to St. Sulpice, Paris, France. There were just two houses of ecclesiastical preparation on the Bishop's list as worthy fitting places for men destined to labor in his diocese, the Grand Seminary at Montreal and St. Sulpice at Paris. Because of the necessity of using the French language in Maine, Bishop Healy took advantage of every opportunity of keeping his priests abreast of the necessities of the times, hence kept about an equal number of his future priests in both of these Sulpician houses.

After a stay of three years at St. Sulpice, the young seminarian was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, May 27, 1893, returning home after a short tour in Europe, to take up his duties at Old Town, as assistant to the Rev. F. X. Trudel, the pastor of this parish. In the spring of 1894, Father O'Brien was selected to replace his brother, Maurice J., in the newly established parish at Belfast to which Father Maurice had recently been appointed.

On reflection the Bishop decided that it was best not to make any change in the pastorate at Belfast, hence brought Father Denis to the Cathedral where in due time he was appointed Chancellor and Secretary to his Bishop. After five years of services in this important office, Father O'Brien was appointed in 1899, Rector of the Cathedral, succeeding in this position the Rev. M. C. McDonough, who had just been promoted to the pastorate of St. Mary's Church, at Bath. Father O'Brien continued in this position during the remainder of Bishop Healy's life and was continued by his successor, Bishop O'Connell, until 1903, when he was appointed Pastor of St. Michael's Church, South Berwick. While at South Berwick, Father O'Brien had charge of the missions of Kittery, Berwick, North Berwick, York Harbor and York Beach, in all of which places services were maintained, and improvements made in accordance with the needs of the people. On the death of the Rev. T. P. Line-

han, 1st Permanent Rector of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford, Father O'Brien was appointed by Bishop Walsh to this important parish.

On his arrival in Biddeford, the new rector felt the need of more elaborate church accommodations which implied a church edifice more in keeping with the present standing of the Catholic people of the town, so that acting on the advice of Bishop Walsh, and with diocesan approval, arrangements were made for the building of a new church. This great undertaking perhaps proved too much for a man not in the best of health and in no condition to stand the worry of building operations.

During the winter of 1924, his health failed rapidly, and the end, following a few weeks of critical illness, came Friday morning, April 25, 1924. His funeral took place from the hall of St. Mary's School, Monday morning, April 28, 1924, following which his remains were taken to Lewiston by a large following of his sorrowing parishioners, for interment in the O'Brien family lot, where they were reverently laid beside those of his brother Maurice, who died while pastor of St. Francis of Assisi Church at Belfast, February, 1895.

Louis Sebastian Walsh, 4th Bishop of Portland

January 22, 1858—May 12, 1924

Bishop Walsh was born in Salem, Mass., January 22, 1858, his parents being Patrick Walsh and Honora Foley.

The following day, January 23, 1858, his baptism took place in the Immaculate Conception Church, Salem, Mass. His early school years were passed in attendance at St. Mary's Parish School, where he remained from 1863 until its close in 1866, when he passed to the Public Schools, beginning with the Grammar in 1866, closing with the Salem High in 1876. In the fall of 1876, he entered Holy Cross College to remain until the completion of Rhetoric in the spring of 1877.

For his Seminary course, the young aspirant to priesthood went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, where he followed the usual philosophical studies until the early

summer of 1879. At the close of his second year, May 30, 1878, the future bishop took his first step towards the priesthood, receiving this day, Tonsure at the hand of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal.

In the fall of 1879, he journeyed to Paris, there to remain until 1882—following the courses in Theology at St. Sulpice. During his stay in this noted seminary, he received at the hand of Archbishop Richard, Minor Orders December 18, 1880, and Subdeaconship June 11, 1881. December 17th of this same year he was advanced to Deaconship by Cardinal Guibert. Just about a year later, December 23, 1882, he was ordained priest in the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, at Rome, by His Eminence, Cardinal LaValletta. Father Walsh's journey to Rome was for the purpose of taking up advanced courses at the Roman Universities, for we find him receiving in June, 1883, his Licentiate in Theology at the Minerva University and at the same time that of Licentiate in Canon Law at the Appolinare University.

Returning to America on the close of his studies in the Eternal City, he was appointed assistant at St. Joseph's Church, West End, Boston, passing thence in 1884 to St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Associated with the Sulpician Fathers then in charge of St. John's, under the direction of the noted Father Hogan, P.S.S., the young priest devoted his stewardship of about thirteen years in this institution to the study of History and Canon Law, both of which important branches he taught during his stay at St. John's Seminary. In addition to his duties as a director and professor, Archbishop Williams in 1887 named him Supervisor of the Catholic Schools in the Archdiocese, a position which he held until called to succeed His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, as Bishop of Portland.

In the summer of 1906 his name was recommended by the Congregation of the Propaganda to the See of Portland, then vacant through the promotion of Bishop O'Connell to the Archiopiscopal See of Boston. The Congregation's recommendation was approved by the Holy Father, Pius X, August 12, 1906. His consecration at Portland, October

18, 1906, graced by the presence of Archbishop Williams, the different bishops of the New England Province and a large body of the Rev. Clergy, was performed by his life-long friend, the late Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence, R. I. After a fruitful episcopate of 18 years and 7 months, Bishop Walsh died at Portland, Monday, May 12, 1924.

Reverend Pere Ange Cote

March 20, 1856—September 19, 1924

Le Père Ange Célestin Côte fut curé de l'église Saint Pierre de Lewiston de 1912 à 1924. Il s'éteignit le 19 septembre 1924, quelques jours après l'inauguration de la magnifique école élevée par ses soins, non sans de grandes difficultés. Cette école fut comme le couronnement de sa féconde administration de la paroisse St. Pierre, dont il fut pendant 12 ans le pasteur et le père très vénéré.

Né à l'Ange Gardien P. Q. le 20 mars 1856, le Père Côté resta orphelin par suite d'un tragique accident survenu a ses parents, un mois après sa naissance.

Il entra dans l'Ordre de Saint Dominique à l'âge de vingt ans et dût aller faire son Noviciat en France. It fit Profession à Amiens le 26 Octobre 1878, et fut ordonné prêtre à Volders (Tyrol) le 20 août 1882. Revenu au Canada il fut attaché comme vicaire à la paroisse N. D. du Rosaire de St. Hyacinthe dont il devint curé en 1886. Il y resta jusqu'en 1894.

Après quelques années consacrées à la prédication il vint à Lewiston ou il exerça l'influence d'une sainteté, toujours plus profonde et plus sentie.

Sa mémoire est en bénédiction dans la paroisse, comme le témoignent les nombreuses messes demandées pour lui comme actions de grâces de faveurs obtenues par son intercession.

The Rev. John J. McGinnis

October 8, 1865—October 26, 1924

Father McGinnis was a native of Portland, a member of the Cathedral Parish where he passed his early years in at-

tendance at the local schools. For his College Course, he elected St. Charles' College, Ellicott, Md. Here he spent three years, graduating in the Class of 1886. In the fall of 1886, Bishop Healy sent him to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, for Philosophy. On the completion of his course at Seminary of Philosophy, he was transferred to St. Sulpice at Paris for Theology, remaining with the venerable fathers of this noted house of studies until the early summer of 1891 when he returned for ordination at the hand of Bishop Healy, under whose fostering care he had come to this sublime moment. His ordination took place in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, August 15, 1891. Following a short vacation, the young priest was assigned to the care of Father Trudel at Old Town in September of this same year. Father McGinnis remained at Old Town until July, 1893, when he was moved to Bangor as assistant to the Rev. Edward McSweeney at St. John's Church. His stay at St. John's was short, for in October this same year he was selected as "Locum Tenens" of St. Anne's Church, Dexter, replacing Father Bradley who had been chosen to accompany Bishop Healy on a voyage to California. In January, 1894, on the return of Father Bradley to his parish, Father McGinnis was sent to St. Mary's, Biddeford, as assistant to Father Linehan, remaining until July of this same year when he again returned to Bangor, being appointed assistant to the Rev. Michael C. O'Brien, V.G., P.R., St. Mary's Church. Father McGinnis remained at St. Mary's until July of the following year when he was sent to Sanford, then a newly formed parish. In March, 1897, he was changed to Whitefield, remaining until the following October, when he returned to Sanford, being appointed Pastor of the Church of St. Ignatius Martyr, remaining in Sanford until his death, Sunday, October 26, 1924.

His funeral took place from the parish church at Sanford, Wednesday, October 26, 1924. Following high mass of requiem, his remains were interred in the parish cemetery among the deceased people among whom he labored so long and by whom his name is held in loving remembrance.

The Rev. Louis Edward Huot

June 24, 1867—March 25, 1925

The Rev. Louis Edward Huot, Pastor of Notre Dame Church, Springvale, died on Wednesday, March 25th, and the funeral took place at Springvale on Saturday, March 28th. Father Huot was born in Worcester, Mass., on June 24, 1867. He made his Philosophical and Theological studies at Quebec Seminary and Baltimore, and was ordained for the Diocese of Springfield on June 24, 1893, by the Right Reverend Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield. He came to the Diocese of Portland August 1, 1895, and served as assistant at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, St. John's Church, Bangor, St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, and St. Ignatius Church, Sanford. In 1907 he was appointed Pastor of St. David's Church, Madawaska, and later held this position at Fairfield and St. Louis Church, Auburn. He was appointed Pastor of Notre Dame Church, Springvale, on May 1, 1922, where he remained until the time of his death.

The Rev. James D. O'Brien

May 24, 1862—October 6, 1925

The Rev. James D. O'Brien, Pastor of Holy Redeemer Church, Bar Harbor, died on Tuesday, October 6th, and the funeral took place at Bar Harbor on Friday, October 9th. Father O'Brien was born in Ireland on May 24, 1862. He was ordained for the Diocese of Portland on March 25, 1887, by the Right Reverend James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland. He served for some time as assistant at St. Mary's Church, Bangor, and in 1890 was appointed Rector of the Parish at Winn. He was made Pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Ellsworth, in 1895, and in 1911 was appointed Pastor of Holy Redeemer Church, Bar Harbor, where he remained until the time of his death.

The Rev. John M. Harrington

December 26, 1856—April 21, 1926

Father Harrington was born in the little town of Inniskeane, not far from Bandon, County of Cork, Ireland. Fol-

lowing preliminary studies in the schools of his native land, the young man passed over to France for his philosophical and theological studies first at Amiens, then at Poitiers where he was ordained for his native diocese July 27, 1881. Finding the field in Ireland already well covered, Father Harrington turned his eyes towards the old land of promise, America. A chance meeting with Bishop Healy led him to cast his lot with the diocese of Portland to which he came in July, 1882. His first assignment was to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, where he filled various offices about his Bishop's home church, including that of Chancellor.

In 1886 he was appointed assistant to the Rev. James Peterson at St. Bernard's Church, Rockland, where he remained until sent to Biddeford as assistant to Rev. Father Brady at St. Mary's. In 1890 Father Harrington was appointed Pastor of the old parish of Whitefield and Damariscotta, succeeding the Rev. M. C. McDonough who had been called from the pastorate of St. Dennis' to the rectorate of the Cathedral at Portland. After six years at Whitefield, owing to ill health, Father Harrington resigned his charge and was sent to assist the Rev. Thomas Butler at St. Joseph's in Lewiston, where he remained until his transfer in 1899 to take the pastorate of St. Mary's, Orono, left vacant through the resignation of the Rev. Edmund Genereux.

Orono now became the scene of his real life work, since he had of necessity to create an entirely new church plant which would be in keeping with the needs of church life in the University Town of Maine; but this was just what was needed for a man filled with zeal for the upbuilding of the faith and whose very existence was finally consumed by his activities in behalf of the Church.

Thus a pastorate of some 26 years at Orono, saw the completion of a new church edifice, a parish school and convent, and a rectory; but it also called for the expenditure of the zealous pastor's very vitals in meeting the financial obligations entailed by his great work. The parish of Orono was not large; it was probably at its best when Father Harrington took charge in October, 1899. During his entire

pastorate he had to work with a constantly decreasing flock driven through changing circumstances to seek fields more favorable to a livelihood. Undaunted, the son of Patrick and Katherine Mennis Harrington struggled on until forced to take a well-earned, a long-needed vacation of two years abroad, from which he returned perhaps refreshed in mind, but little strengthened in body, so that from his great welcome home in November, 1922, until he finally laid down the cares of life Wednesday, April 21, 1926, life was truly a great burden for the man who always chafed under the frailties of depleted humanity.

Father Harrington's funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Orono, Saturday morning, April 24, 1926. Pontifical high mass of requiem was celebrated by his Bishop, The Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray, D.D., following which his remains were taken to Boston for interment in his family lot.

The Rev. Matthew W. Reilly

April 23, 1862—April 21, 1926

The scene of Father Reilly's birth was in the mountain town of Frankfort, among the foot-hills of old Waldo from whose lofty eminence one may behold as far as the eye may reach, many parts of our State. His parents were James and Mary Reilly from whose humble household, there went forth twelve devoted children of the Church. In his early days, there was considerable religious controversy in the little town regarding Bible reading in the schools. To a great exponent of this practice, Mr. Reilly remarked: "Let us leave that question to our children; I think that they will settle it; I have twelve, and you have none."

Leaving his home town, Father Reilly's college days were spent in St. Mary's College, Van Buren, a school which in its day gave many an excellent priest to the Diocese of Portland, not to mention other dioceses. From Van Buren, the already matured student went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he completed his clerical education, and was ordained June 27, 1897, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, by the late Bishop Healy. His first

appointment was to St. Francis de Sales, Waterville, whence after a short stay, he was transferred to St. Mary's, Bangor.

On the death of Father McGrath, pastor of Winn in 1898, though in the priesthood but a short time, Father Reilly was selected to take the vacant pastorate. He remained in Winn for ten fruitful years, during which he established a very enviable reputation as church builder, being instrumental in the erection of churches at West Enfield, Kingman, Lincoln, Wytopitlock, Vanceboro, and Milo. Promoted to the pastorate of the important parish at Millinocket, he at once undertook the rebuilding and enlarging of St. Martin's Church, and at the same time erecting the beautiful rectory now adjoining the church. Not so long before his going to South Brewer, Father Reilly erected the present church in East Millinocket, then known as the church in the forest.

In 1916, following a long and severe illness which nearly closed his career, Father Reilly was appointed to St. Theresa's parish, South Brewer, where largely through his well directed efforts, the beautiful Mutty memorial school was erected and opened on the occasion of Father Reilly's 25th anniversary. January 7, 1926, the devoted pastor of St. Theresa's received a well merited reward of his many years of active and useful service, in his appointment by Bishop Murray to the important parish of St. Dominic's at Portland.

While we cannot help voicing that this promotion was richly deserved, yet we feel that perhaps his physical condition was not equal to the increased burdens there entailed, since his deeply regretted death followed so soon after his coming to St. Dominic's.

Father Reilly's funeral took place from his parish church at Portland Friday, April 23, 1926, his burial in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Bangor, the following day, Saturday, April 24, 1926.

The Rev. Joseph T. A. Laverdiere

January 2, 1878—October 25, 1926

The Rev. Joseph T. A. Laverdiere, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Old Town, died on Monday, October 25th, and the

funeral took place at St. Joseph's, Old Town, on Thursday, October 28th. Father Laverdiere was born at Levis, P. Q., Canada, on January 2, 1878. He made his college and philosophical studies at Levis, and his Theological course at Quebec. He was ordained at Quebec on December 20, 1908, by His Eminence Cardinal Begin, for the Diocese of Portland. Father Laverdiere served in various places in the Diocese, including Augusta, Eagle Lake, Sheridan, Fort Kent, Lewiston, Daigle, Rumford, and Jackman, and in 1918 was appointed pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church at Fairfield. On December 19, 1925, he was made pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Old Town, which position he held until the time of his death.

The Rev. Louis T. Baudin

August 23, 1874—November 3, 1926

The Rev. Louis G. Baudin died at Lewiston on Saturday, October 30th, and the funeral took place on Wednesday, November 3d, at St. Louis Church, Auburn. Father Baudin was born August 23, 1874, in Valence, Province of Charente, France. He was ordained in France December 17, 1899, for the Diocese of Angouleme, France. He entered the Diocese of Portland on June 11, 1911, and served at St. Mary's, Lewiston, and St. Augustine's, Augusta, as assistant from 1911 to 1914. During the next five years he was engaged in military service in France during the war. Upon his return in 1919, he was appointed assistant in Sacred Heart Church, Waterville, in 1925 to St. Joseph's, Biddeford, and later to Holy Family Church, Sanford, where he remained until failing health prevented continuance of work.

The Rev. Martin A. Clary

December 3, 1867—January 13, 1927

The Rev. Martin A. Clary, P.R., permanent rector of St. Mary's Church, Bangor, died on Thursday, January 13th, and the funeral took place at St. Mary's Church, Bangor, on January 18th and at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, on

January 19th. Father Clary was born at Portland on December 3, 1867. He made his college studies at Brooklyn, N. Y., and his philosophical and theological courses at Grand Seminary, Montreal, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained by Cardinal Richard of Paris on June 12, 1897, for the Diocese of Portland. He was assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Old Town, until November, 1899, when he was appointed rector of St. Martin's Church, Millinocket. In April, 1907, he was appointed rector of the Cathedral; in November, 1913, administrator of St. Joseph's Church, Old Town; in November, 1914, rector of St. Dominic's Church, Portland; and in October, 1923, permanent rector of St. Mary's Church, Bangor, which position he held until the time of his death.

The Rev. Joseph Francis Lynch

November 5, 1899—April 7, 1927

The Reverend Joseph Francis Lynch, assistant at St. Joseph's Church in Eastport, died on Thursday, April 7th, and the funeral took place at St. John's Church, Bangor, Saturday, April 9th. Father Lynch was born at Bangor on November 5, 1899. He made his college studies at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and his philosophical and theological courses at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained for the Diocese of Portland on May 29, 1926, by the Rt. Rev. George Gauthier of Montreal. His first appointment was as assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Eastport, where he remained until the time of his death.

Statistics on Deceased Clergy

To one who has lived and labored in that portion of the Lord's Vineyard known as diocese of Portland, during the passing of more than a third of a century, sad indeed is the task of journeying here and there over a vast section like the State of Maine, to pick up, to cull now and then just a few facts on the laborers who, in the heat of the day, have fallen by the way, who have responded to the Master's call.

The task is sad when we consider the association of bygone years, the friendships that have been torn asunder by death's ruthful hand, the welcome voice that has long since been stilled, the guiding hand that we have missed these many years. The task is sad when we view the brevity of their allotted time, the fact that many have been called apparently when life's day seemed most promising, when in the offing there still appeared many useful years of service.

As we visit in spirit their last resting places scattered throughout the length and breadth of our great State wherever labor's staff fell from their weary hand, the sacred spot oftentimes in the midst of their field of activities, where kindly hands have deposited their honored dust we endeavor to glean just a few outstanding facts on the lives that have passed on to the eternal shores.

The one striking surprise that greets us at every turn is the rapidity with which we are forgotten. Our birth, our death, our years in the priesthood, may in a few words be chiseled on cold marble, or perchance, not even a humble, a simple field stone, points out our last resting place. Years may come and go as "Father" for a time lingers in the hearts of his people; but they will not be many ere there remains just a remembrance of some kindly deed, some little token, some treasured favor received. Who sang his requiem; who delivered his well-merited eulogy; who blessed the first morsel of mother earth to fall on his mortal remains? Such are questions which must remain unanswered to the pilgrim of future years.

As we have gathered fifty-seven of these now historic names, of these Christian leaders who passed from our midst during the years which marked the episcopate of our late Bishop, and the first years of our present worthy leader, we have been encouraged by the hope that these few records may fall in the way of some future historian who will hand them along for the edification of a future age, of an age when the children of the Church will seek, and not without hope, for just a few facts on Her coming, on Her early efforts; just some trifling details of the heroic priest who had the courage to blaze Her trail, to lay Her first foundations.

Many years spent in the midst of the ruins of the past; years spent in reading anew letters old and worn, have amply proven to us the great value of a line, nay, more, of a word, from some one of our pioneer priests that would enable us to duly appreciate the glory of an age over which the historian must otherwise remain silent. This point is well illustrated by a well-known fact in our history. On the eighth of June, 1648, the foundations of a humble church were laid in old Pentegoet, truly a long time ago; but had not the hand of some unskilled workman hastily scribbled a brief record on a bit of copper, even to this day nothing would have been known of Leo of Paris, and certainly much less of the good Capuchin's stay on the spot now graced by beautiful Castine, and the little wayside chapel under the invocation of "Our Lady of Holy Hope."

We are, therefore, deeply grateful for the few facts above recorded on the lives of these many heroic men; for we say this in all sincerity, since they lived in an age when so many of our modern conveniences were unknown, when the burdens of the day were heavy, besides oftentimes distant. In the early years of some of the men whose passing we have briefly recorded, the diocese was at its very beginning, its priests few and far distant from one another, their means of passage an old horse, an old chaise, which meant long and weary hours over poorly constructed, barely passable roads.

Passing study of the above list discloses the fact that the average age at death was but a trifle over fifty-nine years.

There were only two who attained the age of eighty; three passed to their reward between the ages of seventy-five and eighty; eight saw the passing of the allotted spans of man's life, three-score and ten; fourteen departed while yet in the sixties; eleven beheld their span of life limited to just a half a century, perhaps a few years more; seven died while yet in their forties, two in the thirties and two in the earliest years of their priesthood.

Taking up the question of the nativity of these our deceased brothers in the Lord's work, we note that they came from many lands to labor in Maine, and that very few actually were born within the limits of our State.

In order, we find that they rank as follows:

Born in Canada	19
Born in Ireland	12
Born in Maine	11
Born in France	6
Born in Massachusetts	5
Born in Belgium	1
Born in Holland	1
Born in New Hampshire	1
Born in St. Louis, Mo.	1

Of different tongues, of different races, of many and varied traditions, they one and all have made our State the scene of their sacerdotal labors, struggling here and there for the upbuilding of Mother Church in a field beautiful beyond comparison, in a field sanctified by the sacred footprints of many an heroic missionary, as he sought out Her children far and near, as he broke to them the bread of salvation, it often meant at the end of a long and trying journey, a journey which not infrequently made him sigh for rest, the rest symbolized by repose in the arms of the Lord, that rest which suggests peace while here below, hereafter tranquility and contentment on the Eternal Shores.

Rest

When Bishop Walsh sailed on what proved to be his last visit to the threshold of the Apostles, he had in view the enjoyment of a well-earned, long-needed vacation. He had spent the summer of 1923 in semi-retirement at Poland Spring and Kineo. He loved both these noted Maine resorts which had often afforded him many a moment of sweet repose; but the spell now seems to have been broken, since to his present shattered health, they no longer brought the solace which had been his in former years.

The necessity of passing from the midst of his ceaseless activities weighed heavily on him; then the constant attention of well disposed guests at the hotels, necessarily made the life of a man whose real joy lay in the midst of diocesan activities, seem more like that of an exile than that of one in the society of friends and well-wishers.

His arrival in Rome again saw the dream of rest dissipated, since apart from the usual routine of a bishop's visit to the Eternal City, there would have been little to mar his repose, had not the unexpected promotion of two of his friends in the episcopate to the dignity of the Cardinalate necessitated undue activities on his part. The coming of the Archbishops of New York and Chicago to Rome for the reception of this great honor at the hand of the Holy Father naturally pressed into service the only American bishop then present in the Papal City.

Leaving Rome at the first opportunity, Bishop Walsh went to Paris. Here again, whatever may have been his anticipations, he was once more doomed to disappointment. In the mid-summer days of 1924, he had in mind a great historical celebration in commemoration of the second centenary of the martyrdom of Sebastian Rale. Finding himself in France, the lure of a visit to the birthplace of the great apostle of Maine proved too enticing to the much wearied traveler. There seemed to arise before him the advisability of a journey to eastern France, to the heart of the

Jura Mountains, to Pontarlier, to Rale's homeland. Thus another week of precious time passed, and still no rest; of what avail would be a few fleeting days of his stay in France, even though spent in the society of friends!

For the weary man as he boarded the great steamer "Olympic" at Cherbourg, there was still no rest in view. Not the best sailor in the world, he was in no condition to face the turbulent miles of ocean which lay between the shores of France and those of his native land. As the storm-tossed ship plunged on through the angry waves, that day by day brought home nearer and nearer, there was still no repose in the offing.

On the dock of the world's greatest city, the bishop's activities were seemingly awaiting his advent, for hardly had he stepped on American soil, ere they beckoned him on to the nation's capital, there to face days of toil and anxiety. In Portland by the Sea he must now look for that absolute peace and quiet, at this moment more necessary than ever. On the completion of his duties in the interest of the National Catholic Welfare Association, thither he wended his weary footsteps.

Notwithstanding the great fatigue following his European voyage and the trying days at Washington, Bishop Walsh was anxious to meet the many Catholic children of his Episcopal City; to tell them something of his hurried trip; just to give them a faint idea of the meaning of a visit to Rome.

To the number of something over a thousand, they had assembled to assist at his morning Mass. To those who were privileged to be present on these happy occasions when the bishop held familiar converse with the little ones of his flock, it may be given to realize the impulse which reanimated his exhausted powers as he approached the altar for the morning sacrifice. The presence of these upturned faces beaming with joy and hope, was surely a source of consolation untold to the man who must have long since realized that the powers of life were gradually receding, that his hold on the things of earth was indeed frail.

For this sublime moment the Christian soldier, the heroic leader in Israel, had come from the threshold of the Holy See to stand here in the presence of a rising generation, over whose beaming countenances he must have sensed the dawning of the Eternal shores.

From the midst of Calvary's Sacrifice, the last on earth given him, the final peace offering of a travel-stained, toil-worn pilgrim, we find ourselves prepared for the heart-to-heart talk which flowed so gracefully from a great bishop to his dear children in the Lord.

Another day dawns; glimmerings of the morning sun again entered the room of the man who had by constant labor exhausted the very powers of nature itself,—only to find him unresponsive to its health-giving rays. The old-time Christian practices; the daily routine so thoroughly instilled by Seminary years, morning prayer and meditation, without doubt brought their usual solace to his ever-active soul; a little material refreshment might now complete his morning preparation for a bishop's daily toil.

The cheery greeting to a faithful servant of many a long year, had been spoken; the place made ready for nature's collation; but alas! the crisis had now come; the stricken man sank helpless into his chair. The bishop's condition had now become apparent to Miss Manion, his devoted housekeeper, who at once informed the priests of his household. Kindly assisting him to his room, his physicians, Drs. McDonough and Derry, were called. Quietly the two Catholic medical men took their places by his bedside. To their trained eye, the story was soon told. A cerebral hemorrhage had takn place; the brain so active and alert was now being drowned; to it the great questions of the day could come no more for solution; to them it was only too evident that the bishop's condition was critical. Conscious of this fact, ever and anon, Bishop Walsh remarked to his attendants, "This is the beginning of the end."

Slowly the last days of an ebbing life pass to the dawning of the eighth day since the bishop's return home. In the night of Sunday and Monday, there was perhaps little to indicate life's close,—on the contrary, there were perhaps

hopes of a speedy recovery; but as Monday's morning hours passed on towards noon, a change was noted which indicated that the end was near.

The Last Sacraments were administered, while the sorrowing members of the household gathered in solemn prayer for the soul of their departing master.

Notwithstanding the brilliant sunshine of a beautiful May day, deeper and deeper grows the gloom. The waves of unconsciousness slowly but surely surge over the expiring bishop, whilst he, perchance, even hears the faint echo of his faithful servants praying God in his behalf. Without, rapid rumor soon spreads the sad news and carries to all the mournful message, "Bishop Walsh is dying."

The Cathedral bell tolls out the hour of noon, the Catholic hour for public prayer. In through the window comes the notes of the Angelus. Though seemingly unconscious to the world, perhaps the strains of this beautiful orison, the angelical salutation, pass through the portals of expiring humanity even to the soul within; may they not speak to him of a coming as they did to her of old at Nazareth, of a coming now not far away. The noon hour passes. The trying moments of another hour come slowly; the minutes of the first quarter are heralded one by one. With the passing of the last, the noble soul of a Christian leader in Israel takes its flight. It was now 12.15 P.M. Again the bell tolls, this time sixty-six doleful strokes; Louis Sebastian Walsh was dead.

Rest

—Requiem asternam dona ei, Domine—

Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

——Volume VIII——

Our present issue completes volume eight of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine. During its publication as a monthly, it entered many of our Catholic homes throughout the State of Maine, as well as many public libraries in different parts of our country.

The first purpose of the magazine was to collect available matter on the history of the Catholic Church in Maine during Her pioneer days, as well as to record present day happenings. In this connection we may frankly say that no section of our country offers a more beautiful story of the coming of Mother Church to these shores. She came here early; She has remained.

From the first call of Her mass bell in 1604 down to our times, through many and trying vicissitudes, She has wended Her way, to appear before the present generation, not as a decrepit, worn out or decaying institution, but as a living organization in all its pristine vigor.

During the years of its existence, the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine has followed this charming story from that autumn day in 1604 when the Church unfolded Her standard under the protection of the Lillies of France, down to these our times, when beneath the Starry Flag, She is reaping a most abundant harvest.

In Her early years we have followed with admiration the labors of Her heroic missionaries at Ste. Croix, at Mount Desert, at Pentegoet, at Norridgewock, at Cushnoc, at Naurakamig, at Panamske. Down the stream of time we have floated, as it were, in the company of Jesuits, Capuchins, Recollets, Sulpicians, Quebec Seminary Fathers, and many others in their labor of love sublime for the conversion of the American Indian. We have learned to appreciate their worth and to realize that they have constituted a moral

force the equal of any that the world has ever seen. We have had placed before us the evidences of their trials and sacrifices together with the remarkable fruits of their years of toil, our great heritage, the Catholic Indians of Maine, the sole remnant of the once great Abenaquis Tribe, which formerly owned our rivers, our forests and roamed our broad acres.

If the task has been difficult; if it has necessitated long and painstaking labors; it if has called at times for the blazing of a trail through a seemingly trackless forest to the shack-like, cabin home of the missionary, or to the rude shelter of the pioneer settler in Whitefield, Newcastle, Bristol, Hope or Benedicta, first source data attained has suggested our quotation from an old Latin author,

"Quae fuit durum pati,
Meminisse dulce est."—Seneca.

Truly, " 'Tis sweet to recall what was hard to bear" especially when we remember the many critics that have kindly passed on the work, the well disposed achivists who so readily opened up their treasure houses of historic lore, among whom we remember with deepest gratitude, the late Rev. L. St. G. Lindsay, Quebec, and the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, Baltimore. Acting on instructions received from their illustrious patrons, the late Cardinals Begin and Gibbons, every possible opportunity was afforded us to read and re-read the ancient correspondence that passed between the toil-worn missionary and his distant Bishop. These old, faded letters are deeply suggestive of flowers that have long since wilted, but in whose decay much of their pristine sweetness yet remains. In them there must ever abide that nectar of beautiful, sublime lives whose aroma will surely pass from age to age, thus calling to our mind the oft-quoted sacred writer, "The memory of him shall not depart away and his name shall be in request from generation to generation."—Eccl. XXIX:13.

JOHN E. KEALY,
Editor of Maine Catholic
Historical Magazine.

Lewiston, Maine, June 1, 1928.

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